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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

NEW·SERIES·OF THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

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Drury Coll Grounds

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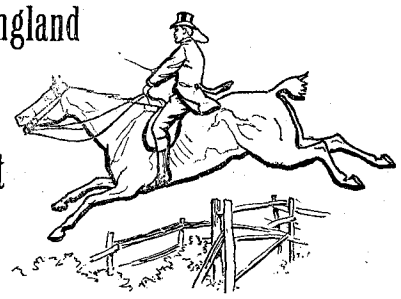

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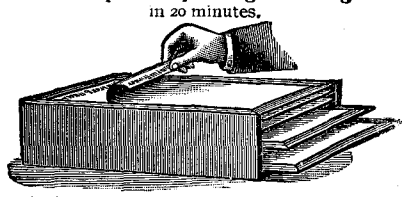

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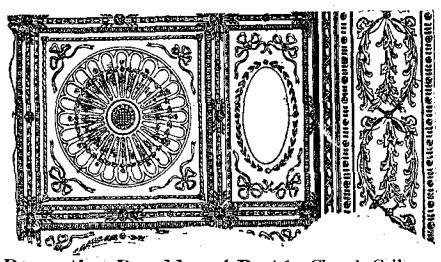

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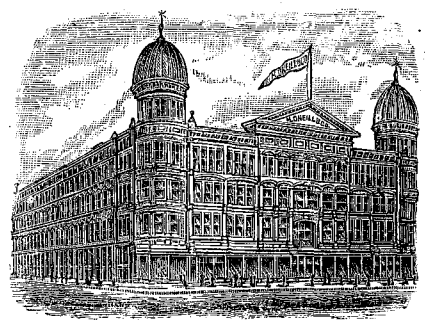

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A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 50 For Week ending 25 August, 1894 Number 8

THE protection accorded to the Sugar Trust in the Senate Bill still stands, but party responsibility for it has in part shifted. Up to last week the Republican Senators voted almost solidly in favor of the amendments hostile to the Trust, and the Democrats, bound by caucus agreement, voted almost solidly against them. The moment the bill was passed, and amendments no longer threatened the defeat of any tariff legislation whatever, the situation changed. A few weeks ago it was Senator Manderson (Republican) who pointed out with great scorn that, no matter how near the Senate might come to defeating the Trust, the necessary vote in its favor was always found. Last week it was Senator Manderson who immediately proposed a trivial partisan amendment when Senator Lindsay (Democrat) moved a resolution declaring that the Senate should not adjourn until the protection given to the Sugar Trust had been removed. A few weeks ago it was Senator Sherman who denounced the "devilish" invention of trusts, and declared that the incorporators of the Sugar Trust "upon a basis of $9,000,000 issued $75,000,000 of stock and $10,000,000 of bonds, and paid upon it, watered stock and all, from six to twelve per cent. interest every year, every dollar of which was at the cost of the people of the United States." Last week it was Senator Sherman who made the principal speech in favor of Senator Murphy's resolution that Congress ought to adjourn without the further consideration of disputed questions. Yet, despite what may justly be said of the Republican change of position, it is true that the bill as it stands is a Democratic measure, and for it the party must take the full political responsibility. It is equally true that the bill is false to the pledges of the platform, unsatisfactory to most advocates of tariff reform, and a compromise based not on principle but on expediency. The passage of the Murphy resolution was the event of the week. It was supported by the Democrats and Populists from the beet and cane sugar States, by the alleged Democratic Senators Gorman, Smith, and Murphy from the non-sugar-producing States, and by all the Republicans voting. This majority—27 to 16—made improbable the passage of any of the supplementary bills sent from the House, and on Monday these bills, having been reported from committee, were placed on the calendar, from which no one expects that they will be taken before the Senate adjourns. The Sugar Bill is the only one that appeared to have any chance from the first, and its chances were practically ruined when Secretary Carlisle, for the second time, came to the assistance of the Trust, this time through a letter declaring that the acceptance of the Sugar Bill as it passed the House would produce a deficit of $30,000,000. This prediction not only goes counter to the current belief that the Senate Bill will yield a surplus, but is based upon the assumption that under lower duties the imports will not exceed those of 1893. It is the same assumption upon which Daniel Webster wrongly predicted an enormous deficit from the tariff of '46, and it seems singular, to say the least, that a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury should so completely accept its validity.

❀

On another page we give in detail the principal changes in rates made by the new tariff bill. As a rule, the duties are about one-fourth lower than those imposed by the present McKinley Law. An average rate of 50 per cent. is replaced by an average rate of 37 per cent. This means, of course, that goods bought abroad for $100 now cost the importer $150, and under the proposed law will cost him $137. The importer can thus get his goods about one-tenth cheaper, and the prices of imported goods ought to fall by that amount. The reductions, however, are very uneven. The most important are upon woolens. Raw wool is made free, and the duty on woolen manufactures is reduced from an average of 98 per cent. to an average of 48 per cent. This means that imported cloth will cost the merchant about one-fourth less. Upon metals and glassware also the reductions are greater than the average. Aside from wool, the important additions to the free list are lumber, salt, copper, flax and hemp, cotton ties, cotton bagging, burlaps, binding-twine, and all agricultural implements. The only important increase in duties is that upon sugar, which amounts to a cent and a half a pound, or $4 a year upon the consumption of the ordinary family. Olives also are taken from the free list and subjected to a revenue duty. The changes made in the internal revenue are hardly less important than these tariff changes. Whisky is hereafter to be taxed $1.10 a gallon, instead of 90 cents. This means about $20,000,000 a year of revenue to the Government, but also, unfortunately, a vast revenue to the Whisky Trust, which does not have to pay the advance in the duty upon the whisky it has taken out of bond prior to the signing of the bill. The other important internal revenue provision is that taxing incomes. All net incomes of corporations and all net incomes of individuals in excess of $4,000 are taxed 2 per cent. An individual income of $5,000 is thus taxed on $1,000, one of $10,000 on $6,000, one of $20,000 on $14,000, their possessors paying directly to the Government respectively $20, $120, and $280. It is thus, in a sense, a progressive tax. Inheritances, when they exceed $4,000, are likewise taxed 2 per cent. on the excess, the law regarding the inheritance as forming part of the income of the year in which it is received. This tax on inheritances, as easily enforced as it is just, is, many think, the best feature of the bill.

❀

The most important, perhaps, of the State Conventions of the past fortnight was that of the Reform party in South Carolina. Mr. John Gary Evans, the young lawyer who drafted the Dispensary Act, was nominated to succeed Governor Tillman, and promised the Convention to carry forward Governor Tillman's policy of enforcing this law.

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At present the dispensaries are all in operation, but the Governor will not use the State constabulary to close private saloons until the present Supreme Court has passed upon the revised statute. The Convention indorsed Governor Tillman for the United States Senate, and Governor Tillman repeated his promise to aid in promoting an alliance between the South and the West. Of the remaining Conventions, those of the Democrats of Tennessee and Texas were notable for the ambiguous phraseology of their free-coinage resolutions. These differed little from those embodied in the last National platform. In Indiana the Democrats have apparently repented of their desertion of silver a year ago. In North Carolina both the Democrats and the Populists have demanded immediate free coinage at the present ratio, and the Republicans seem likely to do the same. In Michigan also the Republicans have adopted a platform strongly in favor of the renewed coinage of silver. In all the platforms of the past two months there has been a notable omission of any reference to international bimetallism as a hopeful method of restoring silver to the currency.

❀

The New York Constitutional Convention, by a vote of 97 to 58, has refused even to permit the submission of the question of woman's suffrage to voters of the State. It was suggested in the Convention that the size of this majority was due to party policy on the part of the Republicans. The suggestion is plausible, as nearly all the Republicans voted against submission, although the Republican counties are, in the main, the strongholds of woman's suffrage. Yet even this suggestion that party policy influenced the vote is an indirect admission that the Convention felt that woman's suffrage was opposed by a great majority of the women and men of the State. We say women and men, because upon the question comparatively few men would oppose the extension of women's duties if they felt that a majority of the best women desired it. We believed that the petitions in favor of woman suffrage were so widely signed as to demand the separate submission of the question to the Constitution-making body—that is, the voters themselves. Yet the majority against even this proposition confirms us in the opinion that the right sphere for the suffrage agitation is not the besieging of legislatures, but the awakening in the majority of women of such political interest as shall lead them to desire to go to the polls, whereas now they shrink from it. Apart from its disposition of this question of the suffrage, the Convention has virtually adopted a minority report in favor of the removal of the limitation of damages in case of the loss of life. At present, if a man is crippled in a railroad accident, for example, the jury may award such damages as they see fit, but if he is killed outright the award cannot exceed $5,000. In this way a limb is often valued at far more than a life. Several State Constitutions have prohibited such limitations, and New York seems likely to follow their example. The Convention has also received an important report from the Judiciary Committee, which proposes, in brief, that the highest "Court of Appeals" shall have two additional members and hear exclusively questions of law, and that appellate courts simply organized shall take the place of the complicated intermediary tribunals in which a body of judges decide upon cases already passed upon in a lower court by one of their number. The changes proposed are intelligently aimed at lessening the law's delays, and are likely to be accepted by the Convention.

❀

The admirable work of the Bureau of Mortgage Statistics, under the direction of Mr. George K. Holmes, is now complete, and the main results may be presented in a short paragraph. The number of mortgages recorded increased with great rapidity during the last decade. In the year 1880, 643,000 were recorded; in the year 1889, 1,226,000 were recorded. The increase was thus ninety per cent., during a period in which the population had advanced but twenty-five per cent. Most of the mortgages run, without renewal, for about five years. At the end of the decade there were nearly five million mortgages, representing an indebtedness of six thousand million dollars. The givers of these real-estate mortgages constitute the great body of the debtor classes of the country—classes which are, indeed, better off than the mass of mere wage-earners, but, nevertheless, classes whose rights should be zealously guarded by those who would keep this from becoming a nation of the very rich and the very poor. Most of the mortgages are for small amounts, and the givers of them are evidently, as a rule, men having from $500 to $5,000 worth of real estate. Nearly two-thirds of the mortgage indebtedness is upon "lots" as distinguished from acres, so that urban real estate is almost as heavily burdened as farm real estate. Farmers, therefore, do not constitute the majority of the debtor class. They are distinctively a debtor class only because the mortgages they give are held in the towns, while the mortgages town people give are likewise held in the towns. The creditor class in this way is a power in city politics, and is not a power in country politics. The yearly interest upon the mortgages is $162,000,000 on "acres" and $234,000,000 on lots—making a grand total of nearly four hundred million dollars. It is worth while to note in conclusion the average rate of interest. It is six and one-sixth per cent. upon "lots," and seven and one-third per cent. on "acres." The average varies from a minimum of five and a half per cent. in New York and Massachusetts to a maximum of over ten per cent. in some of the far Western States and Territories. In some sections the real rate is greater than that recorded, but the average recorded for the entire country is 6.60 per cent. This fact ought to put at rest the fallacy, so persistently repeated by anti-reform economists, that capital securely invested yields only the current rate on bonds instantly convertible into cash.

❀

Last week we recommended that the Constitutional Convention now in session in Albany should vest the appointment of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Regents of the University of the State of New York. It seems wise to further emphasize that recommendation, for the present opportunity is a welcome one for at last getting our schools out of politics. As is well known, the Legislature in joint session elects the Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose candidacy is generally the result of his labors for the party in power. But should he be chosen in the other way, the honor would be a real one, because it would come from a continuous body, working in unbroken tradition, not for politics, but wholly for education, and hence with an expert ability to decide accurately concerning the fitness of the candidates. Furthermore, any action of the Regents would be free from constraint, both because of the life-tenure and of the non-compensation of their offices. They would not be likely to do what the Legislature is forced to do when the opposing party gains the ascendency—namely, to replace an efficient Superintendent by a new and untried man. Under the present system, what inducement is there for a really capable man to undertake the useful labors of the Superintendent, knowing that no amount of ability or devotion will enable him to retain office against a hostile Legislature?

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We believe that the people of New York State will be quick to comprehend the value to them of the present opportunity, for no matters touch their lives and homes with greater directness than those of education. The action which we recommend is clearly for the advantage of their children. So far from giving to the Superintendent the power he seeks over all the educational system of New York State, let that system be unified indeed, but with the non-partisan Regents to guard its immunity from politics. It can hardly be hoped that the dominant party in the Legislature will be easily persuaded to relinquish the power of appointing the incumbent of any office with political possibilities. Only the Constitutional Convention can act; and if an earnest effort be made by good men, it will be led to act in the right direction.

❀

The "Yale Review" for August publishes a much-needed reply to the statements made in the "Class Book" of the class of '94 respecting the expenses of students at New Haven. These statements were, briefly, that while one-third of the graduating class had spent less than $400 a year, yet the average expenditure for the class had been $1,132 a year. The editor of the "Class Book," in commenting upon these figures, said:

"It is a recognized fact that, slowly but surely, it is getting harder and harder for a poor man to get through Yale. And whether this is just so for Yale alone, that she is gradually giving up her name for being the 'poor man's college,' or whether it is that life is growing more complex, and that the price of a collegiate education has risen proportionately at all other institutions, is a question that we are not fully prepared to answer. That Yale is by degrees giving up some of her boasted 'democracy,' and that it is getting harder for a poor fellow to 'get his dues' than it once was, is certain."

The New York "Evening Post," in an admirable editorial upon these returns, pointed out that the college fees at Yale had increased from $60 a year to $155 in the last forty years, and that "ordinary annual expenditures," as stated in the catalogue, had risen in a like ratio, and asked whether the time was passing by when impartial observers could say, with Mr. Bryce, that "it is the glory of American universities, as of those of Scotland and Germany, to be freely accessible to all classes of the people." The editors of the "Yale Review" contend that the impression that has gone out concerning their college is an absolutely erroneous one. Twenty years ago, they urge, the catalogue estimate of ordinary annual expenses was practically as great as it is to-day, and, furthermore, the average expense returned by the class of 1894 was actually less than that returned by the class of 1874. This answer is not so conclusive as might be desired, especially as the class averages fluctuate so considerably that thoroughly reliable statistics either for or against an increase in expenditures can hardly be based upon them. More convincing is the argument put forward that the very increase in the attendance of rich men's sons has made it possible for students of "brains and industry" to support themselves entirely by tutoring. As far as the rank and file of students are concerned, however, the change in all of our Eastern colleges would seem to be in the direction of increased costliness. Even great endowments seem never to lead to the lowering of college fees, and often to be followed by an increase. This tendency, however, does not manifest itself in the West, where in most of the State universities, and in many others, tuition fees are now practically nil. This holds true as far east as Ohio, where the State University has abolished fees altogether. One of the trustees of Kansas State University (at which board and room are to be had for $12 a month, and the college fees are $5 a year) tells us that the average expenditure of the students does not exceed $200 a year. Apparently, then, west of the Alleghanies a college education is to-day even more "accessible to all classes of the people" than it was in New England a generation ago. Possibly the increasing sentiment in favor of free education may some day lead Eastern benefactors to follow the example of Senator Stanford, and stipulate that their endowments shall be used in widening the opportunities for a higher education, as much as in increasing the facilities open to those able to partially pay for them.

❀

The action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Evicted Tenants Bill by a vote of 219 to 40 is, in effect, a challenge to the Liberal party to go before the country on the issue. Lord Salisbury very properly waived aside the expressed or implied threats against the existence of the Upper House, truly, though tritely, asserting that it made no difference as to the Lords' duty whether their action were likely to lengthen or abbreviate their existence, and jauntily setting the date of their fall as a legislative body "a few months before that of the Commons." This is all very well, but it does not go to the merits of the question. The land-purchase legislation already enacted absolutely throws aside the theory of the inviolability of the right of private contract when large public interests and pressing necessity are involved. It is now too late for Great Britain to go back and decide that question anew. The clause of the Evicted Tenants Bill just defeated, providing for compulsory reinstatement, is of the very last practical importance, as has been shown by the failure of the attempt of the act of 1891 to promote voluntary agreements between dispossessed tenants and their landlords. In opposing this provision, therefore, the Duke of Devonshire and his Unionist followers really left no room for the compromise they professed to desire. The real question to go before the country will be whether the attempt to give permanent relief to bitter and undeserved distress can be carried out by the only practical and reasonable method, or whether all action is to be blocked by the ancient feudal views of the sanctity of land tenure. The Lords doubtless believe that the people of England will sustain their position; the Liberals are ready to take up the issue, and to test the question as to the supremacy between the landlords and the people. As Lord Rosebery said in the debate, "There is much in the air which ought to make the House of Lords walk warily." Meanwhile, the distress of the evicted tenants to whom the bill would apply is real and urgent. They were evicted for inability to pay rents which have since been reduced by law; in most cases they offered to pay what has since been admitted to be a fair rent, and they very generally petitioned before eviction to have their rents fixed by arbitration. Many of them, with their families, face the coming winter with neither shelter nor means of support. What does the theory of absolutism in land tenure have to offer as a solution of such a position?

❀

By far the most interesting report last week concerning the war in Korea was that the King of that country had officially intimated his severance of all connection with China, and that his subjects had already been found fighting their ex-suzerains side by side with the Japanese. It is understood that the rebellion in Korea is by no means over, and that both sides have been making overtures to the Japanese, thus inuring to the profit of the latter. In consequence both of the rebellion and of the conscription, provisions and labor have become dear, the phenomenal sum of eighty cents being paid for a day's work, and coolies

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being scarce at that. The legations at Seoul of all the foreign powers are now protected by armed forces from the fleet in Chemulpo Harbor. Definite information has at last come regarding the third battle in the war, that at Seikan. On either side a thousand men were engaged, and there was much slaughter. The Japanese eventually drove off the Chinese and captured the town. A battle has been fought at Asan, but the issue is not known. The Japanese fleet has reappeared in the Gulf of Pechili, and their torpedo-boats have been reconnoitering the fortifications at Wei Hai Wei, which the Chinese claim are impregnable. Both China and Japan are suppressing all news unfavorable to their respective armies, the latter power actually prohibiting newspaper editors from printing any but Government-given intelligence, under penalty of one year's imprisonment. Chinese preparations now seem to have taken on something of Japanese energy. Large forces are hastily advancing through Manchuria to the Korean frontier, and all of the defenses, especially those at Shan Kai, where the Great Wall meets the sea, have been materially strengthened. The Viceroys have put forth various exciting proclamations, that of the Governor of Formosa being a reward of a hundred taels (about $125) for the head of a Japanese private, two hundred for the head of a Japanese officer, four thousand for the capture of a small war-ship, and six thousand for a large one. The anti-foreign feeling in China has become so strong that many of the Englishmen employed in the arsenals have left. They have been repeatedly insulted and fired on by the natives, but in each case have been rescued by Chinese officers. The Berlin "Post" says that a loan of $5,000,000 has been undertaken on the security of the Chinese maritime dues, and that further amounts will probably follow. While, even for a small sum, China goes to foreign bankers, the Japanese Legation at Washington announce that their Government has resolved to issue a domestic loan of $50,000,000. This contrast is significant.

❀

During the past months the heart of Africa has been the scene of alternate triumphs and rebuffs for the great colonizing powers. At first we hear of German explorations involving a consequent sphere of influence, next of English treaties securing even vaster tracts, next of a part of the Mahdist Soudan conquered by Italian armies, and now comes the news of the French Major Monteil and his Senegalese soldiers' victories along the upper waters of the Ubanghi River, the largest of the Congo tributaries. This warlike success has been, of course, followed by that of French diplomacy, for the moment, at any rate, in obtaining favors from the Congo Free State. Leopold II.'s supposed treaty with England, conceding to that power some important territory, seems to be a *château en Espagne*, viewed in the light of this latest intelligence, which is that France has now concluded a treaty with the Congo State providing that French territory shall extend to the Nile and Congo basins, and that the Ubanghi is to be the dividing-line between the French and Belgian Congo territories. It is not yet clear whether it includes all of the Bahr-el-Ghazal lands, but if it should, M. Hanotaux will have had a notable triumph, and French soldiers may actually appear in authority at Lado and Wadelai, though such a check to England would be wonderful indeed. In addition to the arguments from force and diplomacy, King Leopold is in need of money; the Congo deficit this year amounts to half a million dollars, and France is rich, besides having a more or less undisputed lien on the country in question. The root of the whole difficulty, however, lies with the map-maker. The Ubanghi was long ago, as now, accepted as the line of division, but when the Mbomu River was discovered, flowing in from the northeast, its great size deceived the Belgians into thinking that it was really the Ubanghi, and hence they deprived France of Der-Banda and Niam-Niam, the regions south of it. Of course the French claimed that the Mbomu was merely a tributary, and have now, apparently, carried their point. This victory, following closely on the occupation of Timbuctoo, will do much to establish Gallic prestige in central and especially in western Africa, for the French Congo State is small compared with the French Soudan and the French sphere of influence there, a region extending from Lake Tchad to Cape Juby. Across this vast desert the indomitable Gauls are now about to project their great trans-Saharan Railway.

❀

Iceland is the latest country to clamor for home rule, and the recent emigration of many of its inhabitants to Manitoba draws special attention to that interesting island. Its emigrants depart under protest, for, strange as it seems, few peoples have greater love of native land. Existing conditions, however, even under the liberal Constitution of 1874, have become intolerable, and amendments are urgently demanded. It is asked that the Icelanders shall henceforth control their own finances instead of being under the domination of Denmark, and that a bank of issue shall be established. Secondly, there must be greater economy in the management of local affairs. At present there is a civil officer for every 120 inhabitants. The number of judiciary servants, too, is out of proportion, since, at the time of the last census, only six persons in all Iceland were found to be under detention for crime. Thirdly, and most important of all, so it seems to us, a thorough transformation of the conditions repressing international trade is justly demanded. It may not be known that Icelandic exports (chiefly fish, sheep, wool, salted mutton, and ponies) may be taken only in Danish ships, all other vessels paying an exorbitant duty. Pierre Loti's exquisite "Pêcheur d'Islande" has made us familiar with the French methods of getting around this difficulty, so far as the fish market is concerned. The Icelanders, therefore, are right in requesting that the same privilege be granted them to define regulations at ports of entry as is conceded by Great Britain to Canada. There is no reason why the island itself should not be properly developed. Its carbonized lignite is a better fuel than Irish peat; yet the Danish Government has not given more aid in its mining than in the reclaiming of the vast morasses, for out of Iceland's forty thousand square miles there are only two hundred plowed acres! As the Althing, which sits every other year, is under the thumb of the Rigsdag at Copenhagen, it is proposed that henceforth Iceland's only allegiance shall be to the Danish King, whose representative shall continue to be a Governor-General.

❀

According to a recent statistical paper of M. Yves Guyot, reported by the "Speaker," peasant proprietorship in France and elsewhere has fallen of late years into disfavor among land reformers, while at the same time in France it is actually increasing. In that country, as in England and the United States, there is a considerable tide of movement toward the towns, but it mainly affects the day-laborers. Of the rural population of France, nearly sixty per cent. are cultivating owners, and thirty-five per cent. are said to devote their entire labor to their own ownings. Another noticeable tendency is the increase of the small holdings over the larger properties. Every traveler has noticed, as of course has every student of France, the minute subdivisions into which land is divided in that country.

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In consequence of this subdivision, there are no less than 14,009,779 properties without buildings in that country, and the owners of these properties are estimated at nearly 8,500,000, and the remarkable conclusion is reached that, personally or jointly, more than eight Frenchmen out of ten have some share in landed properties. These statements are not surprising to those who are familiar with agricultural France, but they show an astonishing distribution of property, and they indicate the immense force of conservatism at the heart of France. The Socialists succeed in the towns, but against this immense landed proprietorship, made up for the most part of very small owners, they are practically powerless. No country which has such a distribution of landed properties is likely to be, for any great length of time, dangerously radical.

❀

The Newfoundland Legislature lately adjourned, after a session just one week long—the shortest in its history. Every measure of indemnity, revenue-supply, road-loan, or of any financial character which the late Whiteway Government had refused was passed, though in some cases forced through by a majority of one. In the closing speech from the throne it was declared that nothing in the Colony's record had been more creditable than the promptness with which this legislative business had been accomplished. Fisheries and crops were reported as in a prosperous condition, and recommendations were made for the survey of the Labrador coast, for the promotion of fish-culture, and for the colonization of government lands adjacent to railways. The triumph to the Goodridge Government of this legislative week is emphatic indeed when we consider the recent decision in the Newfoundland courts. After a three months' trial, the late Premier, Sir William Whiteway, and Mr. Robert Bond, his Colonial Secretary, were recently found guilty of securing elections by corrupt practices. They have accordingly been sentenced to be unseated from their places in the Assembly, and disqualified from contesting any election during the four years' continuance of the present Legislature. This verdict has naturally caused a great sensation. Sir William Whiteway has long been by far the most prominent man on the island, and Mr. Bond is the statesman who negotiated the convention with Mr. Blaine for the free admission of Newfoundland fish into American waters.

❀

General News.—Further reports about the reoccupation of Bluefields by Nicaragua confirm the statement that there was no bloodshed; the United States and British ships properly refused to intervene; many refugees were taken to Port Limon by a British cruiser; Captain O'Neil, of the United States cruiser Marblehead, told the Americans who had been engaged in the anti-Nicaraguan insurrection that he had no power to give them protection if they had violated the laws of the country in which they resided. ——Anarchists' plots to assassinate M. Dupuy, Premier of France, and Signor Crispi, Premier of Italy, were, it is asserted by the police, discovered and thwarted last week. M. Dupuy is seriously ill.——The report of the death of the King of Siam has not been confirmed.——A single death from cholera has occurred in London; the German Emperor has countermanded army maneuvers in East Prussia on account of the prevalence of cholera in Dantzic and other towns. ——The Cunard steamship Campania reached New York last Friday after a passage made in five days, nine hours, and twenty-seven minutes, thus beating the record by three hours and eighteen minutes.——It is reported from Rome that the Pope will shortly make Archbishop Satolli's delegation to the Church in the United States absolute and sovereign; that is, no longer subject to the Congregation of the Propaganda, but to the Pope alone. ——Charles Robinson, the first Governor of Kansas, died in Lawrence on August 17, at the age of seventy-six.—— It is reported from the South African Republic that the Kaffirs have defeated a force of mounted police sent against them from Transvaal.

William L. Wilson

From the heated and prolonged legislative combat which has just closed at Washington no man emerges with higher personal credit or more general respect than William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, whose portrait we place this week on our cover page. While the air has been filled with assertions of inconsistency, charges of insincerity, and even suspicions of dishonesty, none of these accusations have fallen upon the head of the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and author of the original tariff bill which now in such maimed form has been approved by both Houses of Congress. It is true that Mr. Wilson has been forced, by superior force of opposition combined with desertions from his own ranks, to accept a bill which differs widely from his own, but even in the minute of this partial surrender he reaffirmed—and never more strongly—the principles for which he had, as leader, contended, relaxing not at all the claim for truth and justice as he understands them in this matter, and declaring with emphasis: "Nothing which is not done right ever lasts. No work that is not thorough ever remains undisturbed. You can settle no question like the great question of taxation permanently and safely except upon the eternal basis of right and liberty." His most strenuous opponents would not to-day accuse Mr. Wilson of standing, either at the beginning or end of the struggle, for anything else than what he holds to be the highest and best general good of the whole country.

Mr. Wilson's personal history is an interesting one. When only eighteen he entered the Confederate Army; having served with credit, though without special distinction, he returned in 1865 to the Columbian College (in the District of Columbia), whence he had been graduated in 1860. Here he filled the Latin professorship for six years, at the same time studying law. He then engaged in the practice of the profession in Charlottestown, W. Va., and gradually became interested in political matters. His first appearance in National politics was in 1880, when he served as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention and was one of the representatives of West Virginia on its list of Presidential electors. Mr. Wilson's interest in educational matters had not lessened during his legal and political career, and in 1882 he was offered and accepted the presidency of the University of West Virginia. Only fourteen days after his assuming this position, however, he was nominated for Congress, and in less than three months took his seat as one of West Virginia's Democratic Representatives. He has been re-elected every two years since that time. Thus, of Mr. Wilson's public life he has spent four years as soldier, six years as teacher of Latin, ten years as lawyer, three months or less as college President, and twelve years as Congressman. The cheap sarcasm of the detractors who are wont to speak of him as a school-teacher out of place in politics hardly needs confutation, but it is certain that Mr. Wilson's experience as student and teacher (though actually small as regards its duration in comparison with his political and legal experience) must have been of great value in broadening his views and enlarging his knowledge. He has been the

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better, not the worse, political leader because of his reading and study. That he was graduated from a college President's chair into a Congressional seat is quite as much to his credit, to say the least, as if he had been the most finished product of the political machine.

Mr. Wilson's career in Congress is too well known to require extended description here. From the first he has ardently devoted his energies to the cause of tariff reform, and that, it is worth noting, while opposed by very strong industries in his own State, and sometimes while opposed by his own State Legislature. His belief that special local interests should give way to the general industrial welfare, and that the National policy of his party should not be thwarted by State political and industrial combinations, has been supported by his constituency at the polls in six Congressional elections. And it is not at all necessary to agree with this belief to understand the high view of statesmanship which, having formed it, maintains it unswervingly. Twice Mr. Wilson has readily given way on points of personal precedence—when Mr. Mills became the candidate of the tariff-reform advocates for the Speakership, and was defeated by Mr. Crisp, and again when Mr. Crisp was renominated for the Speakership—but in his views of the political duty of Congress he stands to-day where he stood six years ago. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee he has had the most difficult task imaginable, and has combined firmness with discretion. As a speaker, no one in either house is more attentively listened to, and his speeches always contain substance as well as eloquence. In the very crisis of the struggle over the Wilson Bill, the man who drew it and from whom it was named was stricken down by serious illness, in part due, no doubt, to his overwork and anxiety. The expression of sympathy by both political foes and friends was unmistakably sincere. His resumption of his task when barely off his sick-bed was characteristic of the man. Tenacity and modesty are prime qualities in his mental constitution.

Lynchings in the South

Our correspondent in another column, in dealing with this theme, raises two issues. The social issue can be disposed of in a few words. Whether whites and blacks shall ride in the same cars, sit at the same table, and worship in the same churches, may be left for them to settle for themselves. All that justice requires is that men and women shall not, because they are black, be turned into second-class or smoking cars, or be given at public hotels inferior food or inferior rooms, or find their children put into poorer schools. In the mere fact that negroes and whites generally worship in separate churches there is nothing more iniquitous than in the fact that Germans and Americans generally worship in separate churches. The social relations of separate races may be safely left to self-adjustment.

But our correspondent's defense of lynchings appears to us lame and impotent. Lynch-law is better than no law. When a community has lapsed into barbarism, as had California at one period in her history, the temporary organization of lynch-law is justifiable. But it is never justifiable except as a temporary and local expedient; and the necessity for it is an indictment of the community in which it exists. Our correspondent's argument involves a justification of conviction and execution without trial. There are better ways of making it safe for a "six-year-old girl to go from her own home to the nearest neighbor's house" than the use of mobs and mob lawlessness. If a public trial is torture to the innocent witness, it is possible by law to exclude the public from all trials for rape. If the lawyer is insulting, it is possible for the court to put a prompt stop to the insults. That the passion of the populace should be aroused by some of the crimes against womanhood which have been perpetrated on Southern soil, we can well understand. But to defend the passions of a mob as the basis of justice, and the uncontrollable revenge of a mob as a method of justice, we do not understand. Our correspondent ought to comprehend Southern public sentiment better than we do; though we hope he misinterprets it. But it is certain that the public sentiment of Christendom will never justify a community which in this close of the nineteenth century, and with all the light thrown by the history of the past upon the best methods of preventing crime, can find no better way to prevent it than to let loose a mob to catch, convict without trial, and execute, sometimes with added torture, the first person on whom suspicion has fallen, and against whom, in some cases at least, the chief evidence has been the color of his skin.

The Power of the Novel

The interest excited by books of such substance and quality as Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" shows very clearly that the attractive power of fiction, after all these years of immense productivity in that department, is still unspent. Mr. Crawford, who is one of the most widely read novelists of the day, is of the opinion that the novel has passed its prime, but neither the quality of work in fiction nor the popular interest in it shows as yet any evidence of decrepitude. On the contrary, at the close of a century which has been dominated by the novel as a literary form, fiction still remains, on the whole, the most real and vital of all the forms of expression which literary men are using, and is probably the form which exerts the widest influence upon the reading public. It would be unwise to predict the form of literature for which the men and women of the close of the twentieth century will care most, but the prediction that a hundred years from now the novel will still be universally read would be perhaps less rash than most literary predictions. In this country it cannot be said that we have produced any novelist of the first rank since Hawthorne, but we have produced a goodly number of novelists of high rank and a multitude of short-story writers whose work betrays the presence of both nature and art in very uncommon and delightful combination. The fact that we have produced no great novelist, and that the novel is still so widely read, shows that its charm resides in some element aside from the individual power of the writer, and that there is in the novel, as a form of literature, a charm which the men and women of these days feel very deeply.

That charm, unless we are greatly mistaken, resides in the force, the directness, and the delicacy with which fiction has interpreted and portrayed human life. The human drama in these later days is engrossing to all serious-minded people, and wherever the moral or spiritual fact or experience is dramatized by the novelist with even a fair degree of power, the novel which results is certain to have a wide reading. The world-wide movement which has already made such modifications in the social conditions, and which is silently effecting such a revolution in the relations of men with men and of class with class, finds its way into art through the insight, the observation, and the skill of the great novelist; and such a book as "Mar-

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cella," entirely aside from its dramatic effectiveness, gains an immense power simply from the fact that it deals with questions in which everybody is interested, and introduces with great directness that human element which is to-day part and parcel of every religious, political, or industrial problem. The same impulse which gives the novel such a hold upon readers produces also the great novelist; for behind every widespread literary movement there is always a vital movement of experience; and the great writer, while his power resides in his own personality, is, in a deep and true sense, the child of his time and the interpreter of its thought.

When one has enumerated the names of Tolstoï, Tourguéneff, Björnson, Zola, Bourget, France, Hardy, Meredith, and Mrs. Ward, to name only a few among a great company, one has called to mind a group of the most powerful writers of the decade. Behind them stands another group in some respects still more powerful, while around them are gathered a host whose genius and skill show many gradations. Such a writer as Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, whose works belong with the very best of their class, and who has a kind of Shakespearean freshness, virility, and power of characterization, is sufficient to give dignity to the literature of a whole generation in his own country. His three novels on the Wars of the Polish Commonwealth, and his painful but superb psychological story "Without Dogma," form a permanent addition to modern literature. The far North has given us Björnson; Holland, Maarten Maartens, whose work is so familiar to the readers of The Outlook; Spain, Valdes, Galdos, Valera, and Peréda, the greatest of them all, whose portrait, with a sketch of his life and works, will soon be given in The Outlook; France, Zola, Daudet, Bourget, Anatole France; Germany, Spielhagen, Freytag, and Heyse. To this distinguished group of writers must be added the English novelists and our own makers of fiction; not forgetting the group of romanticists and writers of stories of adventure who have appeared in the last two or three years. Mr. James, Mr. Howells, Mr. Harte, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Cable, Edward Eggleston, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Miss Murfree, Miss King, Mr. Page, Mr. Harris, James Lane Allen, Mr. Garland, are the representatives of a group of writers who, if they have not touched the very highest points of achievement, attest beyond all question the vitality of the movement in which they have shared, and the reality of the art to which they have contributed. And it is probably safe to conclude that the novel will not lose its attractiveness until the interests of men are shifted from the distinctly human element in all problems now pressing for solution upon society.

Salvage

One of the most important gains in improved scientific methods of manufacture is the saving of what used to be regarded as waste material. In many chemical and other manufacturing processes crude products which were formerly regarded as entirely useless are now transformed into valuable products or are converted into fuel. In this way some kinds of business find a very considerable profit in salvage of what was once rejected. In like manner there is an immense opportunity for turning to good account what most people regard as too insignificant in the way of time and opportunity to make any real use of. The men and women are few whose time and strength are so completely taxed that they have absolutely no margins. Most people have a good deal of margin, both of strength and time, but the difficulty of using that margin lies in the fact that it comes to them in fragments, and these fragments are so minute that they seem devoid of the possibility of being used to advantage. The man or woman who sees the value of a fragment is the only person who really understands the value of the whole. In a sense, life is made up of fragments, of disconnected opportunities, of unassimilated materials; and the highest genius of success consists in knowing how to put these fragments together, to harmonize the materials, and to work out a symmetrical whole from a great mass of what are apparently odds and ends. If the power to become rich lies in the faculty of saving small amounts, so does the ability to become cultivated lie in the economy of time for reading and study, the faculty of being well from skill in finding chances for exercise and out-of-door enjoyment, and general richness of life from that use of intelligence which enables us to make everything, small and great, tributary to our own good.

Editorial Notes

—We wish to direct special attention to the statement from the officers of the American Board to be found in another column of this paper. In common with other philanthropic agencies, the Board has felt the depression of the year financially, and is straining every effort to hold the ground already won. It is emphatically a time for friends of the work to put their shoulders to the wheel.

—A fortnight ago we noticed how the proportions of the Chicago strike had grown when the news reached the London "Economist." This week we have the authority of the Minister of Labor of New South Wales for the report that certain Pennsylvania railway laborers had struck for a larger allowance of whisky than a quart and a half a day. If the intelligent Minister of Labor believes this report of our workmen, the bulk of his countrymen must believe that we, their antipodes, are really standing on our heads.

—The death of the great scholar Dr. James Strong has caused attention to be called to the fact that in his exhaustive Concordance no less than a hundred folio pages are occupied with a condensed list of the passages in which appear "a few unimportant particles of very frequent occurrence"—such as *a, an, the,* etc. A more absolutely useless waste of labor could not be imagined; it makes one's head and back ache at the thought of the immense toil thus thrown away. Thus there is such a thing as being too thorough.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science, now in session in Brooklyn, is a representative body of investigators and educators. The many sections into which it is divided cover a great number of fields in which progress toward knowledge is constant and general. In his address of welcome Dr. Backus truly said: "The immeasurable power of your Association has for its chief source that impulse to progress which, during recent decades, has brought blessing even to the unthinking, has given enlightenment to the preacher, and inspiration to the teacher."

—There is a good deal in expressing things rightly. The following clipping from a missionary journal furnishes a good illustration of this—particularly the sentence in italics: "Kim Jang Sik is a Korean who has been for five years in the employ of a missionary. *He was an honest man before he became a Christian.* He says: 'I used to get very angry when people treated me like other men and intimated that I could not be trusted. When I began to read the New Testament I soon felt I was not very good, and as I read further I got a pain in my chest—a severe pain.'"

—If members of the "A. P. A." read, as they ought to, Mr. James F. Dailey's startling article on the relations of the Church to the Saloon, which will be found on another page, they will meet with some surprises. The words "Presbyterian," "Methodist," "Episcopal," "elder," appear constantly, and there is nothing said about "Romanism," "priests," the "papacy," etc., etc. Mr. Dailey conclusively shows that we Protestants, who find it so easy to shy stones at the saloon element among the Catholics, are living in a domicile that is very vitreous indeed. Coming just after the courageous stand for temperance made by Bishop Watterson, Archbishop Ireland, Monsignor Satolli, and the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, Mr. Dailey's revelations ought to make thoughtful Protestants—particularly in Philadelphia—still more thoughtful. It might even be well to mix a little action with the thought.

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The Church, the School, and the Saloon

By James F. Dailey

WHEN I made my brief address[1] before the distinguished body of churchmen gathered at Temple Grove, Saratoga, on July 23, it was beyond my expectation that such wide publicity would be given to it, and that the interest in the facts there set forth should increase rather than diminish. The paper under discussion at the meeting was "The Masses and the Classes," by the Rev. Byington Smith, one of Saratoga's resident ministers. It was an interesting study of the state of affairs now existing between labor and capital; and as the eminent speakers present proceeded to consider the propositions set forth by Mr. Smith, reference was frequently made to the saloon as a factor in the struggle, but only in an indirect manner, the subject, to my mind, not being given the commanding place it deserves in our social and political economy. In presenting my side of the case, I unhesitatingly declared that the saloon was not, as had been said by the Rev. Dr. J. R. Wilson, a gentleman from the South, "the perspiration of a bad civilization," but it was the very muscle and arterial blood of the serious troubles we were then witnessing in the labor world. I further said that it was my belief that, while the employer ought to pay his workman a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, it was also the duty of the workman to be as careful of his wages, which were his capital, as the employer was of his capital, and it was only by this care on the wage-earner's part that he would be enabled to resist the unjust encroachments of the selfish employer. It was no idle theory I was advancing when I declared at Temple Grove that it was the consuming jaws of the saloon that had devoured the substance of the workingmen in all our great industrial centers, but an actual account of affairs that had come under my own observation in Philadelphia, where, as a workingman, I had discovered that the licensed saloon was receiving too large a share of the toiler's hard-earned dollars.

At this point Bishop W. R. Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, requested me to state what I knew concerning the relationship of the Church with the liquor business in Philadelphia. The request brought out the statement, briefly made to the audience, which has since attracted such widespread attention, and which I now more fully place before the great reading public through the columns of The Outlook. At the close of my remarks in Temple Grove, the Rev. Dr. Wilson arose and asked me if this was a history of Tammany Hall; to which I answered, "No, sir. This is a history of the Republican party in Philadelphia, supposed to be the most pious institution on the face of the earth." The following day I was met by the Rev. Dr. William Durant, pastor of Saratoga's First Presbyterian Church, a Christian man and scholar, who thanked me for my utterances, and said I had got down to the very root and source of the social disorders.

It is the theory of our Constitution that this is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people; but the government *de facto* in Philadelphia is a government of saloon politicians, by saloon politicians, and for saloon politicians. The irrefragable proofs of this are herein presented, through necessity, only partially. When, on the first day of last February, I began this exhaustive research, it was only with the purpose of discovering who the office-holders and politicians were who were engaged in binding on our shoulders the burdens and crimes of our saloons. It was not expected that the Church, the Protestant Church—and I speak on this point without any religious bias—would be found so conspicuously in the liquor business; but as the investigation advanced day by day, names familiar in church work became unpleasantly numerous, until they began to make quite a show in numbers.

The only Church into which a methodical examination was made was the Protestant Episcopal Church. This branch of Christianity held its vestry elections on Easter Monday, the day on which the last License Court opened, and as the names of the newly elected vestries were published in the daily papers, a comparison of them with the names of the signers on saloon license petitions easily revealed the apparent connection between the two institutions—namely, the church and the saloon. Conspicuous among the vestries was that of the Church of the Redemption, Twenty-second and Callowhill Streets. Of the eight vestrymen, six signed for ten saloons in that vicinity, a neighborhood that has always been well supplied with drinking facilities. Here politics also made their appearance. Alexander Crowe, Jr., one of the vestrymen, the Republican leader in the ward, the Fifteenth, appended his signature, or rather his name appears, on the applications of five different aspirants for saloon privileges.

The Church of the Mediator, Nineteenth and Lombard Streets, is also prominent in this respect, one vestryman signing for a saloon directly opposite the church. Among the vestrymen signing here is the Hon. Alexander Colesberry, United States Marshal, who also appeared as counsel for several saloons in various parts of the city. In looking over the newspaper files of the time (last March) I find that a city missionary testified against one of the places for which Mr. Colesberry was counsel. The witness said that "a great man young women, old women, poor and abandoned women, some with hardly any clothes on, go there with kettles and come out with beer and ale." In one case where a church was a remonstrant against a saloon, Mr. Colesberry is reported as saying: "Your honors, the churches mean well, but they make mistakes. Why, I am a vestryman." The other Protestant Episcopal churches, the names of some of the vestry of which appear on license applications, are St. Andrew's, Eighth and Spruce; All Saints', St. John the Evangelist, St. John's, Church of the Transfiguration (where Councilman Patton is a signer), St. Mary's, St. Stephen's, St. David's, St. Timothy's, Manayunk; St. James's, West Philadelphia; Emmanuel, Holmesburg; Emmanuel, Richmond; and Grace Church, Twenty-second Ward. These are all city churches, and the vestrymen signers number between thirty and forty.

The names of the church officials and members of other Protestant churches not being accessible without an immense deal of labor, a clear declaration cannot be made concerning their connection with the liquor traffic; but in four special cases where clergymen were shown the list of names of license-signers in their particular wards each one was able to point out members of his or other churches among the names—an almost sure indication that the iniquitous Brooks high-license law has struck its poisonous fangs deep into the body of the Church. The very names, in many cases, make one feel the proximity of the Church, more particularly in the aristocratic wards. Information on the subject came to me from various quarters. In one instance a young man, a Sunday-school scholar, pointed out the names of two Methodist Sunday-school teachers; but these records were lost. There were no religious differences in the matter of signing the license petitions, for, while the majority of applicants were Catholics, their Protestant brethren cheerfully loaned them the use of their names. One United Presbyterian clergyman, interested in a mission, was disgusted to find that a member of his denomination had signed the license of a man who wanted to start a saloon in the mission building, with only a board partition between.

On the last day of the License Court, at the request of the Judges, Clarence D. Gibbonny, Secretary of the Law

[1] The address to which Mr. Dailey refers was widely quoted in brief by the daily newspapers. In order to present in an authoritative form the remarkable facts which he has brought to light, he has written this article at our request. Mr. Dailey is assistant foreman of the composing-room of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," and has made so thorough an investigation of his subject that we confidently advise our readers that his statements may be relied upon.—THE EDITORS.

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and Order Society, read out a list of names of men in the Sixth and Ninth Wards who had signed more than one license petition. In this list was included the name of Sheriff Samuel Clement, who signs two licenses. The appearance of his name in the newspapers excited some passing comment in Bethany Presbyterian Church (Wanamaker's), where one or two other signers were found, and where Mr. Clement is an elder. Personally Mr. Clement is a very agreeable person, and it is difficult to understand his strange position. Among the other Presbyterian churches where the saloon has apparently entered are the Harper Memorial, Olivet, the Gaston, the Wylie Memorial—the former through a member of City Council. In two cases in the Methodist Church two former class-leaders recently got into the saloon politics of their wards and then out of the Church, and finally appear on the license-signing list. Is it for this that we license the saloon? In Kensington Methodist Church two leading members had their names forged in the interest of a saloon-keeper, and the Spring Garden Methodist Church has one, if not two, members who appear on the list of license-signers, both of them being members of City Council. This was discovered by the late pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hurlburd. Union Methodist Church, Broad Street Methodist Church, and three English Lutheran churches were also among the delinquents. In the Baptist churches two official members are among the signers, the most prominent of whom is Richard G. Oellers, the President of the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Temple, whose name appears on the petition of a saloon, one of the most profitable in the city, at Broad and Susquehanna Avenue, in company with State Senator Porter. Mr. Oellers wants the Republican nomination for City Treasurer.

On Thursday, August 9, the Republican City Campaign Committee met and decided that a nomination should be made in the Third Congressional District, and directed the district committee to take action. This district committee includes one court official, William L. Smith, who signed thirty licenses; one Republican member of Council, Joseph H. Klemmer, who signs and bonds for fourteen; State Senator Elwood Becker, who signs and bonds for eight; the whole committee, eight in number, representing some seventy license applications before the last Court. On Monday, August 13, it was agreed to nominate a man named Frederick Halterman, who is connected with several clubs where beer is disposed of, it is said, Sunday and week-day. It is also stated that his nomination was made in order to secure the German vote in the German wards. Mr. Crow, though a Republican leader, will not, therefore, be nominated.

Leaving, without nearly exhausting, the Church phase of the liquor business, the political side is the last to be considered, but not the least in importance. It is at the ballot-box that the saloon evil is fastened upon the State of Pennsylvania, and the union of the saloon traffic and the Church is cemented. In March last the annual term of our City Councils expired, and on the first Monday of April the new Councils took their places. The lower branch of Councils includes 123 members, and a careful investigation of the license records shows, with one ward left out, that 81 of them were signers, bondsmen, and counsel—one, both, or all three—for from one to twenty-six licenses apiece, the latter number belonging to Councilman Van Osten, of the Sixth Ward, President of the Liquor-Dealers' Association, one of the few Democrats in the body. In fifteen wards every member appears on the list, and in five instances they are saloon-keepers. In Select Council twenty-seven out of thirty-seven members also appeared before the last License Court in the same capacities of signers and bondsmen as did the members of the lower branch. Their figures range from one to twenty-five, the latter number belonging to Councilman Bringhurst, of the Ninth Ward.

This political interest in the saloon by our city fathers ramifies through the whole city government, from the precinct officer, who counts the vote, up. Of the twenty-eight Police Magistrates, twenty-three are signers or bondsmen for from one to five saloons each, and seven of the clerks in the Court of Quarter Sessions sign from one to thirty licenses each, and seven clerks in the Sheriff's office sign for from one to fifteen petitions. Add to these the names of fifty or more other city officials of different degrees of responsibility who were interested in saloon licenses before the last Court, a rather large total of Philadelphia saloon statesmen is reached. The State lawmakers make no better showing. Of the eight State Senators whose term of office expires with the election of their successors in November, six appeared as signers, counsel, and bondsmen, among them being the Hon. Boies Penrose, who will probably be the next Republican nominee for Mayor. The Pennsylvania House of Representatives includes thirty-eight members from Philadelphia, and of this number twenty-seven had a signatory interest in license petitions. Their term of office expires in November, and most of them will be up for re-election.

Now, I have no harmful word to say of any of these office-holders. They represent the license policy of the State of Pennsylvania. It is the policy upon which they are elected; it is the policy of the Republican party and the policy of every voter who votes that ticket, making no difference whether he stands behind the bar or behind the altar. As a voter I discovered that in the summer of 1889, and since that time have not voted a license ticket; not so much because I practice individual temperance—many saloon-keepers do that much—as because I believe that we can have no effectual reform in municipal, State, or National Government while office-seekers are compelled to bend to the saloon.

But this is not all. I have shown how the saloon and the church agree together; it now remains to be shown how the saloons and the public schools of Philadelphia are brought into inharmonious harmony. Here is the story in tabulated form:

Ward.	School Directors in Ward.	Signing School Directors.	No. of Licenses Signed.
First	13	6	10
Second	13	4	10
*Third	13	7	16
Fourth	13	7	17
*Fifth	13	6	25
*Sixth	13	12	88
Seventh	13	2	4
*Eighth	13	7	12
Ninth	13	7	28
*Tenth	13	1	1
*Eleventh	13	10	27
Twelfth	13	5	14
Thirteenth	13	4	9
*Fourteenth	13	1	8
Fifteenth	13	5	9
Sixteenth	13	3	11
Seventeenth	13	9	22
Eighteenth	13	1	2
Twentieth	13	2	2
Twenty-first	13	3	9
*Twenty--econd	15	3	4
Twenty-third	18	0	0
Twenty-fourth	17	0	0
*Twenty-fifth	13	4	8
Twenty-sixth	13	2	3
Twenty-seventh	19	5	12
Twenty-eighth	13	1	2
Twenty-ninth	13	1	2
Thirtieth	13	5	10
Thirty-first	13	3	4
Thirty-second	13	0	0
Thirty-third	14	6	13
Thirty-fourth	15	1	1
Thirty-fifth	13	6	10
Thirty-sixth	13	2	6
Thirty-seventh	13	4	6
Total	496	145	405

By this we see that 145 school directors, men in whose hands rests the education of the children, signed 405 licenses. In those wards marked thus (*) from one to four members of the sectional board are saloon-keepers. And these men were elected by church members and saloon-keepers in unison! Is this a right sort of school directorship?

The strangest part of the whole investigation was the insight given about the delegation which left Philadelphia to nominate the Republican candidate for Governor on May 28 last. There were sixty-three delegates. Of this number two were saloon-keepers, two were directors in a brewery which increased its sales 74 per cent. the last six months of 1893, one had been a saloon-keeper for twenty-five years, and thirty-eight were signers, bondsmen, counsel—one, both, or all three—for from one to thirteen saloon licenses each. And this delegation handed the nomination to a Methodist church trustee! As the two brewery

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directors among the delegates directly represented every licensed or unlicensed place selling this particular beer, it can be safely set down that the whole delegation represented 400 and more legal and illegal places for the sale of liquor. In this delegation was one District Attorney, the Hon. George S. Graham. In my Saratoga address he was made to appear as a license-signer. This was an error of the types, and not of mine. He was only interested in a transfer of a license, and had written strong letters in one or two instances for "reputable" applicants. He is a Presbyterian elder.

I leave this recital to the consideration of Christian voters.

Anglo-American Mementos

By Ellen Painter Cunningham

The tourist's conventional bouquet of reminiscence, gathered in foreign lands, is never so attractive as when brightened by historical mementos of his native land. Under certain conditions the Jerusalem rose resumes its freshness. In like manner, pleasant recollections have been revived by two passing events—namely, the observance of the anniversary of the adoption of the National flag, and the pilgrimage of University Extension students to places historically associated with General Washington.

In 1889 Mr. H. F. Waters, the distinguished genealogist, published his discovery of a clue to the English ancestry of George Washington, thereby indicating where the most innately American associations in England are to be found, and the following quotation from Mr. Waters's article specifies the man who proved to be the father of the American emigrants: "Lawrence Washington, son of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave . . . Fellow, Lector, and in 1631 Proctor of the University of Oxford." The most weary-winged bird of passage flutters ever joyfully to Oxford, but the above-quoted statement especially allured one to Lawrence Washington's college, where, leisure sanctioning, several crumbling bits of information were picked up. Brasenose, with its "foundation" of 1509, was the last of the pre-Reformation colleges to be founded, and is the eleventh in order of the twenty-two now existing. In a charter of Henry VIII. it is spoken of as "King's Hall and College of Brasenose." The curious name is said to have been derived from a "breawernhus" or "brasenhus"—that is, brewery. In any case, a huge gilded nose, in playful allusion to the title of the College, is conspicuous over the entrance gate. This gate is one of the handsomest towers in Oxford, being ornamented with statues of Saints Chad and Hugh, also the Virgin and Child. Entering the first quadrangle formed by the College buildings, an antique but gayly decorated sun-dial, high on the wall, attracts attention. The Hall in which the members of a college dine, and where some lectures are given, the Chapel, and the Library form the three architectural Graces usually inspected by visitors at Oxford. The Chapel was not built in Lawrence Washington's day, but the Hall may have been used then. Persistent conservatism is suggested by the two facts that until 1780 the fire continued to be kindled in the middle of this room, and that in the Library books remained chained to their shelves till the end of the last century.

The records of the past scantily supply straws for the bricks of descriptive environment, but, fortunately, material for the patchwork of information covering public and university life between 1620 and 1631 is more liberally furnished. It is interesting to note that, owing to a plague in London, Charles I. and his Parliament adjourned to Oxford in 1625, where they interrupted the university routine by routing professors and pupils from some of their buildings. The plague pursued its way to Oxford in 1628. William Laud, subsequently Archbishop, was Proctor in 1603, and, being elected Chancellor in 1630, was in that office while Lawrence Washington held a proctorship. Laud gave careful attention to the minutiæ of the University, even regulating the length of the students' hair. The position of Proctor was one of the oldest in the University, existing in the same century (the thirteenth) with that of the first college foundation. As early as the fourteenth century Proctors were the "chief executives of the University," of such important rank as to be empowered to impeach the Chancellor himself. Their duties were manifold: to superintend the finances, to arrange the lectures and disputations, and, first, last, and all the time, to maintain peace, not only between the quarrelsome factions of the colleges, but between them and the townspeople.

A picturesque peep at the lighter side of the past is afforded by a quaint volume of the eighteenth century, which mentions an obligatory but cordial custom formerly practiced at Brasenose. Bachelors of Art, with the undergraduates, appeared before the Principal of the College on or before New Year's Day, each presenting him with an epistle of good wishes.

Now to Sulgrave, which is about forty-five miles by rail, or about thirty-five miles across country from Oxford, in a northerly direction. The torpid little village of four or five hundred inhabitants, in which the Washington Manor-House stands, is three miles from Morten Pinkney, the nearest railway station. Arrived at Sulgrave, the house was found to be for sale. A watchful custodian hastened across the road and unlocked the kitchen door. Entering, the capacious fireplace—the historic culinary pledge for ponderous roasts—was found to be partly bricked up for the accommodation of a plebeian nineteenth-century stove. Passing through a moderate-sized wainscoted room, a hall thirty or forty feet long is reached. Here an original wooden mantel, a broad window leaded with over a hundred and forty small panes of glass and recessed in the thick wall, and heavy dark beams marking off the ceiling into squares, plead for a recognition of by-gone days of dignity. There are nine or ten rooms in the house, and it is said that there were more, but those upstairs are only noticeable for the dark beams thrusting themselves about the walls and ceilings. On each side of a sort of vestibule, into which the front door opens, are a lion and a griffin made in the plaster. Stepping out into the weedy confusion of long-neglected ground, there is an opportunity to scan the face of the gray stone house, two stories and a half high. The door is somewhat pointed, in the fifteenth-century style, and in the two corners of the lintel are small shields bearing the Washington coat of arms—the three stars and two bars or stripes. Higher up on the wall reappear the lion and griffin; there is also a large shield, too defaced to present anything intelligible. The roof is of oak, and friendly ivy partially covers the now shabby residence. The property was sold by the Washington family in 1583. Within a short distance is the church, in the south aisle of which is a slab marked: "Here lyeth buried ye bodys of Laurence Washington, Gent. & Amee his wife by whome he had issue III J sons & VI daughters wc laurence Dyed ye day of ano 15 & Amee deceased the VI day of October ano Dni 1564." Besides this brass inscription, there were originally full-length brass figures of this Lawrence and his wife, two small pieces representing groups of the sons and daughters, and an enameled or painted shield bearing the famous stars and stripes. The figure of Amee disappeared some time ago, and on the eleventh of August, 1889, the two small brass memorials of the sons were stolen. Suspicion points to two Americans allowed free access to the church during the day. "Gone to Yankee Land!" was the laconic verdict of a Sulgrave resident. The head of Lawrence Washington's figure has been knocked off, and the poor little shield is pathetically loosened.

Sulgrave is in the midst of a gently rolling agricultural country, netted with hedges, beautifully blending dull browns and greens in a tranquil atmosphere. It is pleasant to know that in the furious rush which thousands of Americans make from one royally iridescent center of attraction to another, there is a number, increasing year by year, of those who spare time and thought to visit the home of the ancestors of the "Father of Our Country."

London, England.

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The Christ of Faith[1]

By Prof. C. A. Beckwith[2]

The aim of this paper is purely religious, to present some relations of the Christ of faith to existing conditions of Christian life.

Who, then, is the Christ of faith? We have the Christ of prophecy, the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ of history, the Oriental Christ, and the Christ of dogma; who is the Christ of faith? In a word, he is the one with whom the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles and the Letters of the New Testament are concerned. He lived a few eventful years in Palestine, where he went about doing good, where he died for our sins, and was buried, and rose from the dead; he ascended, and now, dwelling in the world of light, glorified, he is the Mediator of heavenly grace. In him is revealed all that we know of the nature of God as love; through him the Father is reconciling the world to himself; "whom, not having seen, ye love; on whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory." We attempt no exhaustive definition of him who is both Saviour and Lord. To those who have trusted in him, none is needful. We all unite in addressing him:

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove.

I. First, the Christ of faith exists apart from the Christ of dogma—that is, the Christ of theology. Theology is the philosophy of the contents of faith, and dogma is such philosophizing with the added element of authority. But, since the Christ of faith is not the product of man's reason, therefore he is not dependent on any special ideas of his person. Speculative questions concerning him may not have been raised, or, being raised, may receive one answer or different answers; still he in whom we believe remains undisturbed, the supreme object of childlike trust.

He has been the Redeemer to those who have adopted contradictory theories with reference to him. For example, he has been worshiped as well by those who could not accept his personal pre-existence before his human birth, or even his divine Sonship previous to his baptism, as by those who held that, as Son, he was eternally with the Father. He has been recognized as the absolutely authoritative teacher both by those who regarded him as omniscient during the whole period of his earthly life, and by those who confessed to a limitation of his knowledge to the essential purpose of his mission. He draws near with the grace of sympathy to the man who maintains that he was insusceptible of temptation, and to him who believes that he was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. One speculative inquirer regards the human nature of Christ as personal and the divine nature as impersonal; another adopts a contrary view; yet both equally see in him the God-man. One class of theologians conceive that the incarnation was complete at birth, only differing among themselves concerning the relation of the divine to the human nature during the earthly life, some, for instance, affirming the possession but not the use of the divine attributes, others asserting the voluntary abandonment of so much of the divine attributes as allowed him to assume the conditions of human life, still others declaring that the divine element became quiescent until the resurrection; while another class hold to a gradual communication from the divine to the human side of his personality throughout his life on earth; yet both of these classes reverently confess the mystery of godliness in that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. As to Christ's work in behalf of men there is similar divergence of opinion, yet still, under whatever shade of differing theory, he is, for all alike, the Saviour who died for our sins.

What, therefore, the nature of the case requires, history confirms, that the Christ of faith depends, not upon the Christ of dogma, but upon the Gospels; that the Christ of faith is more essential than the Christ of theology; and that in the presence of him who is both Saviour and Lord, the ignorant and the learned, the aged Christian and the little child, are on exactly equal ground.

The statement that the Christ of faith is independent of the Christ of speculation must not be misunderstood. If the Christ whom faith receives were incapable of rational vindication, or if his actual existence were accepted without adequate historical or prophetic testimony, then, of necessity, this conception must give place to the reality, however bitter the alternative.

Nor does it mean that restatements of the doctrine of Christ are not demanded in the interest of faith. No doubt faith is sometimes momentarily imperiled by such restatements. Only then, however, is faith in the gravest danger when it commits itself to a being who is no longer defensible.

There are those who tell us that the less firmly speculative thought or historical criticism holds to Christ, the more eagerly must faith cling to him. This is true, if it means that faith may thus cling while reason is unsure or is on its way to light. But if it means that faith on the one hand and reason and scholarship on the other may be permanently divorced, with wholly independent and contradictory interests, then no saying could be more pernicious. Since all Christian facts have both a religious and a rational value, therefore faith may grasp the facts while reason may miss their true explanation.

If we were asked why we receive the Christ of faith, we should have to reply: Not because the Scriptures command it, and not on account of the authority of the Church, but because, as deep answers to deep, so Christ answers to the cry of our hearts. Sinful, we find in him forgiveness; restless, he gives us peace; longing for life, he fills us with the fullness of God.

II. The Christ of faith is a principle of growth in all who receive him. Just as there was progress in the unfolding of his personal consciousness from infancy to the scene in the Temple, and from that hour to the baptism, and from baptism to his death, so there will be progress in the believer and in the Church. St. John, son of thunder, once longed to sit in the chief seat of power in Christ's kingdom, yet afterward, under the training of his glorified Master's spirit, he came to behold in sympathetic and suffering love the secret of supremacy. The spiritual development of St. Paul is witnessed to by his simple Letters to the Thessalonians, later by his four great doctrinal and practical Letters, and, finally, by his Letters to the Ephesians and Philippians and Colossians, richest of all human literature in rational insight into the glorious person of the Son of God and of his mediatorial redemptive agency through the Church in the world. No sooner is Christ thus received by faith than his influence begins to expand every spiritual capacity. Bigotry is rebuked, sympathy broadened, familiar truth lights up with new meanings, and, for the first time, the real progress of the soul commences.

The secret of this lies in the fact that the Christ of faith is not locked up in a dogmatic formula whose logical dimensions are exactly and forever fixed, nor presented in an ethical ideal looking down from some inaccessible height, but is a living person, with all the attributes of life, apprehended in part, yet with mysterious reserves of power, manifested in infinite variety of ways, able to transform those in whom he dwells into his own God-loving and man-loving likeness.

Accordingly, in the Christ of faith are the promise and potency of the culmination of the kingdom of God. In him as the divine Son is revealed the Fatherhood of God, the shaping power of all worship and of all moral life. In him as the Son of man is seen the brotherhood of man, the correlative principle of progress. In him man, by nature a child of God, yet lost to his filial relation through sin, is restored to fellowship with the Father, and thus led to realize in ethical attainment that to which he was destined by birth. And where else do we find the spirit by which all the fragmentary forces inspired by his grace among men are conserved and wrought into unity and

[1] An address delivered at the General Conference of the Congregational Churches of Maine at Bangor, January 21, 1894.
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given place in the coming of the kingdom of God? The Christ of faith hath "ascended far above all the heavens, that he might fill all things."

III. Still, to many earnest Christians the question recurs whether, in the changing and increasingly complicated intellectual conditions of the world, the Christ of faith will endure. This is indeed a serious question. If, in the revolutions necessitated by advancing knowledge, he who is our Saviour were to be no longer adapted to our children's trust, we might well hesitate to continue our confidence. The matter is not to be dismissed as simply an appeal to baseless fear. There is unquestionably an increasing want of belief in the unseen. The scientific spirit is commended as the universal solvent. The position of this world among the worlds, its insignificance as compared with the number and magnitude of other worlds, renders it, so we are assured, to the last degree improbable that God has chosen this planet as the one spot where rational life is found, the sole and supreme object of his loving regard. In an age teeming with speculation, Christ may be, as he was in the first century, one of the possible solutions of history, yet by no means the only one, and even he may be reduced to a philosophical abstraction. More threatening than all else, a theory is proposed in explanation of the immeasurably long evolution of this world according to which every event, including the Incarnation, is declared to have been an outcome of natural causes, so that the whole question of the supernatural, that is, of faith, is relegated to the sphere of the irrational, or of that which is beyond the individual reason.

Suppose we admit the gravity of assumptions such as these, still we do not lose heart. For, first of all, it was necessary, by the very nature of the claims of Christ, that he be subjected to competition with every known form of belief, in order that his superiority to all other objects of faith might be completely demonstrated. We are also to remember that Christ has been held, too, in unfaltering trust, under conditions quite as trying as any which perplex this age. Then, too, side by side with ever more cogent arguments alleged for surrendering Christ is an increasing vindication of the grounds on which faith rests. A strong testimony to the enduring vitality of the Christ of faith is the double fact that he inspires and outlasts the most diverse speculations as to his person and work, and that he continually provokes the Church to a revision of its imperfect conception in order that this may ever approximate toward the truth of him whom by faith it worships and serves. But, more than all, our Lord offers himself to personal trust; and, so long as man is rational, and has need of forgiveness and eternal life and God, the Gospels will offer him the One to whom his heart is sure to respond in faith.

IV. The sign that many in the churches are reasserting for the Christ of faith his rightful place in the Christian life is the new study and the new methods of study of the Gospels, and, indeed, of the Scriptures as a whole. No doubt there is a vast intellectual curiosity directed to the religion of Israel in the sphere of history and criticism and growth of institutions and the theistic idea. No doubt, too, intense interest centers in the origins of Christianity, the organization and institutions of the early Church, the formation of the New Testament canon, and the beginnings of dogma. The end of such inquiries is, however, not in these things, but in their bearing on Jesus Christ with reference to faith. If at one time the Church was content to find in the Scriptures little more than a religion of nature, and if our fathers sought in the words of St. Paul the adequate presentation of Christianity, we to-day, without disparaging the rest of the sacred books, go first to the Gospels for the knowledge of the Christ whom we trust. As a result of this new study, a new Christ is emerging from the pages of this fourfold story. The historical Jesus is becoming a more natural, a more human person. Witness the recent lives of Christ and monographs like that of Bernard's, "The Mental Characteristics of the Lord Jesus Christ." In these works the Master appears as really and substantially a person as Julius Cæsar or St. Paul. The single glimpse of him in the Temple reveals a perfectly natural child with a consciousness awakening in response to his Father. His temptations, his trust in his Father, his love of nature and of little children, his regard for the outcast classes, his longing for sympathy, his patience, his reminiscences of prenatal glory, his power over sickness, his offers of eternal life, his claim to be universal Lord and final Judge—these are only various aspects of a unique but at the same time congruous life. Faith, as it lays hold of him, is not distracted by the effort to refer one class of acts to the human and another class of acts to the divine side of his being, but accepts both the human and the divine as manifestations of the undivided oneness of his person.

In harmony with this, while the Christ of faith may be no less perplexing as a problem for metaphysics, he is more and more an ethical and spiritual reality for the heart's trust. Whether we can solve the mystery or not is a secondary question; enough that what the Gospels make first is first also for faith. Here Christ is the pure expression of God's love—his sole office to mediate to men the Father's forgiving and renewing grace. And, taught by the Evangelists, we confess that not any philosophy of his person, but he himself, is the object of our trust.

This return to Christ is destined to work out a mighty revolution. It will give us back Christianity, so far forth as it had become obscured, with the living Christ in his proper place. It will rescue theology from an undue scholastic emphasis, and from a dogmatism which is only a more dangerous rationalism, since it will make Christ the constitutive principle of interpretation. It will render preaching real, evangelistic, ethically Christlike, and in the best sense life-giving. It may shorten the creeds which we propose for testimony or for subscription, but it will broaden and deepen their spiritual content. Finally, the inner life will be unspeakably enriched; for in this way alone is the Christian enabled to say: "I live; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me."

The Vitality of the Ancient Mummy-Wheat of Egypt

By Robert Patrick Ryan

Only a grain of wheat, and yet what a dust of controversy it has created in regard to its own vitality!

From time to time it has been alleged that the wheat of ancient Egypt is capable of preserving the germs of life for an indefinite period, and so being able to sprout when sown immediately after removal from the mummy-cases of antiquity.

Several writers have asserted that the growth of mummy-wheat in England is an established fact; others, that, although the evidence on the point is not conclusive, yet it is not improbable that wheat, under certain conditions, is capable of germination after the lapse of thousands of years.

Others, again, contend that the vitality of wheat is destroyed after a brief period, and that there is no authentic record of mummy-wheat germination. The opinions expressed are thus conflicting, and require careful analysis, and we propose here to endeavor—if we may be permitted to employ a world-worn metaphor—to sift the wheat from the chaff.

In an attempt to arrive at even a portion of the truth in this matter, it is absolutely essential to inquire into the character of the natives of the country whence the mummy-cases come. All those who have traveled through Egypt and dwelt in picturesque Cairo know only too well how capable the Arabs are of deceit. It is an ascertained fact that, when in search of coins, they are in the habit of unrolling the mummies, and this would at once give them the requisite opportunity for introducing grains of modern wheat into the mummy-cases; and, as it would be to their advantage to invest the mummies with as much mystery and interest as possible, it may reasonably be inferred that

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they would not scruple to deceive purchasers by misrepresentations. This fact, of itself, would not, however, be sufficient to discredit the reputed instances of mummy-wheat germination unless it were supported by more tangible evidence; and let us, therefore, analyze the records of a few of the best-known cases of supposed germination, in order to see whether the results justify the conclusion that the grains planted were genuine samples of mummy-wheat.

The author of a book entitled "Botanical Rambles" states that during the process of unrolling a mummy at the British Museum, some years ago, a few grains of wheat chanced to fall out of the linen folds. These grains were picked up and planted, and although two or three thousand years had probably elapsed since they had been sealed up, yet the seed germinated, and the stalk developed into a healthy plant with five to seven heads.

Now, there is no evidence in this case to show whether the mummy coffin bore any external signs of having been tampered with; but, assuming that the coffin appeared to be intact, the statement that the stems produced branching ears is of some importance, as there is absolutely no existing proof that this variety of wheat (*Triticum turgidum*) has any antiquity of origin.

Wheat with branching ears was unknown before the time of Pliny. Certainly no drawings of it have been found on the ancient tombs; and, although Unger believes it was cultivated by the ancient Egyptians, yet he can furnish no proof founded on either drawings or specimens. There is no evidence as to the period to which the mummy appertained, inasmuch as the statement that it was "probably two or three thousand years old" is too vague to base an opinion upon. Wheat with branching ears has been grown in Egypt for very many centuries, and if the date of the mummy under notice was subsequent to the time of Pliny it is probable—assuming that the power of wheat to germinate when thousands of years old is admitted—that the case just alluded to was a genuine one of mummy-wheat germination.

It should not be forgotten that this variety of wheat is extensively cultivated in Egypt at the present time; and in the absence of reliable information as to how the mummy-case was procured, and having regard to the thieving propensities of the Arabs and their untruthfulness, as well as to the opinions (to be presently cited) of eminent scientists concerning the vitality of wheat, the case in question would need further corroboration before being accepted as authentic.

On June 9, 1871, a wooden sarcophagus, bought from the Khedive of Egypt by the Duke of Sutherland, was opened at Stafford House by Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, as well as by Mr. John Macgregor, a well-known Palestine traveler and author, popularly referred to as "Rob Roy." The lid of the mummy-case seemed to have been unopened before, as the clay luting was in the joint nearly all round. From the hieroglyphics outside, Dr. Birch pronounced the mummy to be that of a priest sacred to Osiris, and about 2,600 years old; and he predicted that there would be found inside several articles, such as a blue glass net and images, which were actually forthcoming. Among the loose débris inside the case were four grains of corn, two of these being planted a few days afterwards in a small flower-pot filled with sifted mold from the Temple Gardens in London. The other two grains were sent to Mr. Sowerby, at the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park. The pot from the Temple was also sent to Mr. Sowerby in August, with one of the grains grown up about eight inches high. This was returned in December, 1871, in the form of a stalk four feet long, with twelve grains of *oats* growing on it! The two other grains developed into several stalks, but without fruit.

In connection with this case it will be observed that Dr. Birch pronounced the mummy to be 2,600 years old, and that the seeds which sprouted produced *oats*, a grain unknown to the Egyptians 2,600 years ago! This is unmistakable testimony that the Arabs are not only adepts in lying, but skillful manipulators of ancient sarcophagi, and it certainly has an important bearing on the first and the following case of wheat vitality.

The next and perhaps most discussed experiment is that of the Count of Sternberg at Prague, and these particulars are taken from M. A. de Candolle's learned work on the "Origin of Cultivated Plants." The Count of Sternberg had received the grains from a trustworthy traveler, who assured him that they were taken from a sarcophagus. Two of the seeds germinated, it is said; but M. de Candolle ascertained that in Germany well-informed persons believe that there was some imposture, either on the part of the Arabs, who sometimes slip modern wheat into the tombs—even American maize—or on that of the employees of the Count of Sternberg.

It is somewhat remarkable that almost all of the experiments with mummy-wheat are qualified by the statement that, owing to the indifferent character of the Arabs, it is not always certain that the seeds which have sprouted were really at first inclosed with the mummies. M. de Candolle's opinion is that the germination of wheat-grains which have been hermetically sealed for centuries is not impossible—for, under such conditions, grains are all the better preserved, for they are protected from the air and from the variations of temperature or humidity—and that these conditions are certainly fulfilled by the Egyptian monuments. But he also says that, as a matter of fact, the attempts to raise a wheat from the ancient seeds have not proved successful, and that no grain taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus and sown by horticulturists has ever been known to germinate.

Thus far, it would seem, then, that the best-known cases of the supposed growth of ancient seeds of wheat have a considerable amount of suspicion attached to them, and that, even assuming that the seeds of wheat are capable of retaining their vitality for an almost indefinite period when preserved under certain conditions, yet no authentic instance of germination is forthcoming.

The opinion of Mr. Villiers Stuart, M.P., an old traveler in Egypt, and the author of "Nile Gleanings," is that there is no such thing as mummy-wheat that will sprout. He says that the vases full of wheat which are sometimes found with mummies are invariably carbonized from age. The samples represented as having vegetated are due to the deceitfulness of the Arabs, who put modern wheat into old vases and sell them to travelers. Nothing but a miracle could make mummy-wheat germinate.

Professor Sir Charles A. Cameron, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society, Ireland, has never believed that the so-called "mummy-wheat" was really composed of seeds that had been deposited in the tombs of the kings of ancient Egypt at the period of their sepulture, and he thinks that, despite the allegation that the wheat found in the tombs germinated very satisfactorily, it is only the best-matured seeds of plants that satisfactorily germinate, and that every seed-grower is aware that the vitality of seeds is influenced by many factors.

The opinion of Mr. William Carruthers, Consulting Botanist to the British Agricultural Society, is that he has examined many specimens of mummy-wheat in the British Museum, and has found them all incapable of germination, and that, as a fact, the seeds of wheat are not capable of germination after they are ten or twelve years old.

The late Dr. Augustus Voelcker, Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, expressed the opinion that he never knew of a single case of authentic mummy-wheat germination, and that he regarded the possibility of such germination as a myth. This authority certainly never believed that the vitality of wheat could be preserved for any number of years.

Sir J. B. Lawes, LL.D., F.R.S., one of the greatest living authorities upon agricultural science, declares that the power of germination deteriorates very rapidly, especially in starchy seeds; while Sir J. D. Hooker, of the Royal Kew Gardens, London, whose valuable contributions to botanical literature have a world-wide notoriety, asserts that the numerous attempts to stimulate mummy-wheat into vitality have each and all failed.

The evidence, then, is vastly in favor of those who are not only skeptical about the matter, but who entirely distrust the germination theory. There is certainly an over-

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whelming presumption against people who, favoring that theory or belief, and being only too willing to attach an almost supernatural power to the wheat-grains found in the sarcophagi of that wonderfully mysterious and fascinating land of the past, ancient Egypt, yet have no authentic records whereby to prove their case. And, indeed, in summing up, it may perhaps be expedient to add that it is common knowledge that very old seeds are much inferior in point of vitality to those of recent growth, and that, while seeds may possibly retain their vitality for a very long time, yet when they become thousands of years old it must stand to reason that they can have no germinating power left.

One might as well suppose that an egg which had been embalmed for a thousand years would be capable of producing a chick when hatched, as to believe that organic matter can be associated with dormant vegetable life for a period of nearly forty centuries!

The Spectator

Perhaps the hottest place in New York City, on a hot summer night, is to be found in the streets about the Five Points. The narrow, tortuous streets and alleys do not invite summer breezes; the low buildings furnish no shelter from the merciless sun during the day, and the superheated sidewalks radiate their heat far into the night. And less than half a mile from this Gehenna is the coolest place in the city; namely, the great suspension bridge which throws its graceful span across the river far above the hot streets and away from their strata of motionless, overheated air. Thither go a few of the Italian mothers with their babies, to breathe the cool fresh air that always blows about the great towers; but the mothers and children are not so numerous on the fine free promenade as are the girls and the young men, though even these do not often overcrowd the broad plank walk. A walk of half a mile with a baby in arms is no amusement to a woman who has been bending over a cook-stove or a wash-tub all day. So the mothers prefer to sit on the sidewalk in front of their tenement, or to take a little excursion, with the babies, to one of the wider streets near by, such as Canal or Centre Street, where they sit on the curbstone or on the steps of the closed-up stores until late in the night, the older children meanwhile playing around them. The wonder is, not that these women and children remain on the streets at night, but that they ever summon up courage to go back to the noisome odors and stifling closeness of a tenement on Mulberry Bend.

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The visitor to New York—or even the citizen, for how many New Yorkers know anything about the disagreeable localities of their own city by personal visitation?—can get a glimpse of one of the foreign cities which the cosmopolitan metropolis contains, by taking a walk of a few blocks almost within a stone's throw of the City Hall. Within two blocks of Park Row he can see Naples—omitting the beggars and the Bay. After he leaves the corner of Worth Street in a trip through Mulberry Bend, he is in sunny Italy. In the morning the sidewalks are almost impassable, and the roadway but little better, owing to the crowds of buyers and venders. Bread, cake, fruit, and vegetables, tinware, crockery, and clothing, can all be bought on the sidewalks. One hears cries that curiously remind him of the Midway at the great Fair, and sees women who remind him of the mummies in the Anthropological Building, and others who are somewhat younger and prettier. Groups of slouchy, dark-skinned men occupy such spaces as the women and the venders leave vacant, and one can readily imagine them capable of desperate deeds, and wonders where they keep their dirks. In the bright sunshine, however, they are harmless, and if the stranger walks on without loitering he will not attract attention, for all are busy with their own affairs. But one who takes this little journey into the world of Italian New York will be glad when he gets out of the Bend and into a wide street—even the Bowery—where the breeze can blow across his temples. After Mulberry Bend, even a Bowery breeze seems pure and sweet.

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But it is not necessary even to walk a few blocks to get a glimpse of alien life in New York. The passenger on the Third Avenue elevated road who changes cars at the Chatham Square station may look into crooked little Doyers Street and see Chinatown without leaving the platform. A couple of old-fashioned frame houses, one of them with dormer windows, are the most conspicuous objects in view, but all the houses seem to be full of Chinese, and one sees signs in Chinese characters as well as those bearing the recognizable names of Lo Sam, Wing Lee, and Jick Kee; the impassive little yellow men, in their comfortable garments, of which the upper portion is so great an improvement on the civilized shirt, stroll along the narrow sidewalks, or pass quietly into the shops or up the stairs on their way to the "joint;" occasionally a hard-looking white woman is seen, or an equally hard-looking white man; and in the daytime children sometimes overflow from the too plethoric Italian colonies near by. A street that one would rather look down upon from the elevated platform, especially after night, than walk through, is this little old unsavory Doyers Street, which does what it can to preserve the memories of the days when the Five Points were the special abode of thugs and cutthroats, not merely of the poor.

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One of the curious developments of the code of public etiquette is seen in the doffing of hats by men in the elevators of office buildings, when ladies happen to be present. This custom, which not many years ago was regarded as an exhibition of gallantry too pronounced to be favored by solid men of business, has become in many places an established thing, and largely for a reason which does not appear on the surface. Many plain, common-sense men have reasoned thus on this perplexing question: "I do not remove my hat when I enter a cable-car or a steam passenger-car in which there are ladies, or even when I take a seat beside a lady, or she beside me; and this for the reason that, while I desire to be polite, I do not wish to force the consciousness of my presence upon a total stranger, or to seem to endeavor to attract her attention. Now, an elevator is a public conveyance, and one in which a woman has as complete a right to be let alone as in a street or railway car. Therefore I ought not to obtrude my presence upon a woman passenger in an elevator by an act which, whatever its motive, necessarily compels her to notice me." Carrying out this principle, the first thing that happens to the common-sense man is this: When a lady enters an elevator in which he is riding, some other man, having a different idea of propriety, removes his hat. This at once places the first man in the position of seeming to be a boor if he fails to follow the example. The embarrassment is still greater if men who hold to the public conveyance idea, and keep their hats on their heads, are in an elevator in which there are ladies, when an exponent of the parlor idea enters, and, glancing at the ladies, quickly removes his head-gear. The other men are thus covertly, but none the less pointedly, rebuked by the insinuation that they are not conducting themselves as gentlemen. It is the annoyance of being put in this position, probably, quite as much as any recognition of the real propriety of the act, which has led to the increasing concurrence in this custom of removing hats in elevators in the presence of ladies.

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The Spectator asked a business woman the other day what was her opinion of this practice. She said: "I think it is an excellent idea in summer, for it gives a man a good opportunity to take off a hat which is nearly always hot and uncomfortable, as you can see by the red lines which the pressure of the hat causes to appear on most men's foreheads. But in winter I think it a very foolish practice for a man to stand bareheaded in a place where there is a continuous draught. I am very sure that many valuable lives must be lost every winter through colds and resultant pneumonia contracted in this endeavor to appear polite. I wish the men would keep their hats on, in my presence, in such places in winter, and take them off in summer whether women are present or not." The Spectator is, on the whole, inclined to view the practice as an earnest of the good time coming when men will recognize the presence of women in public places by acts of genuine kindness and not of mere gallantry. One seat given to a tired, homely woman in a street-car is worth a thousand hat-raisings in an elevator.

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The Home

A Lever for Public Comfort

Herbert Spencer has said that good nature becomes a crime among Americans. Americans who study their countrymen realize that this is too true. Good nature and laxity are two entirely different things; the one is a virtue, the other is a vice. Laxity is good nature carried to the point of vice.

We know that good nature not controlled by conscience and judgment in a wife and mother means untrained children, careless servants, extravagant management, and the usual accompaniment of untidiness. The good nature of the many becomes the annoyance, the burden, of the few. We have as a result indifferent public officials and servants. It is a mistake to suppose that the burden of life is lightened by enduring indifference, impudence, imposition, injustice, from clerks, porters, servants, or from any person who is paid to perform certain duties. The moral effect is bad for the employee. He is a better man when held to the strict performance of his duties; his moral degeneration begins when he finds that he can still receive his wages while he renders indifferent service. We are morally bound, if we would reduce the sum total of discomfort, to do our share toward exacting the full measure for which we pay—not arbitrarily, but justly.

The good nature which is controlled by judgment secures the measure of service for which it pays, and helps to bring up the moral average of the race.

The Problem of the Small Boy

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

There comes a time in the experience of every boy's mother when she feels a most vivid sympathy for that traditional hen whose theories of life and conduct were so violently shocked at seeing her progeny take to the water.

Neither mother, whether human or feathered, is prepared for the sudden development of the little creature of her love and care into an independent being, who for the moment seems to have no further need of her.

The duckling, blissfully unconscious of the maternal solicitude expressing itself in excited and repeated "cluckings," lightly skims over the seductive pond; and the small boy, having aspirations towards the masculine diversions of the street, unimpeded by a nurse's supervision, eludes her vigilance when he can, and faces outraged justice with a declaration of independence which for vigor and force has not been outdone in those which history records.

The boy has a real grievance. The nurse, generally tactless and unsympathetic, is no longer able to minister to his enjoyment in any way, he having outgrown her resources in that line; and she represents to him merely the restraining arm of the law, who is detailed as a spy upon his actions, which are reported if they tally not with her ideas of good conduct. When one reflects that a torn or soiled jacket would probably be more heinous in her eyes than the telling an untruth—to some one else—we can appreciate somewhat the reason for the child's antagonism to her espionage and authority. The growing sense of manhood within his small self also protests against being "in leading-strings" which he is made to feel like a strait-jacket. The teasing of the other boys about his subordinate condition is usually the last drop that fills the cup of his wrath to its overflowing.

The young never realize their immaturity. The boy's conception of danger being limited to wild beasts or Indians on the war-path, he feels himself perfectly qualified to take care of himself, while the mother in imagination sees the mangled body of her child brought home on a shutter, the victim of a runaway horse or the yet more dreaded "trolley," and she has visions of evil men luring her boy away with tempting promises to extort a ransom, or to trade on his beauty or brilliant talents. The contaminating society of the chance acquaintances of the street is a more real danger.

A certain thoughtful mother, who has an intuitive perception of boyish needs, set herself to find a solution of this domestic problem, with the most gratifying results. She found that among the students at the theological seminaries there were several manly young fellows who were obliged to eke out their college expenses by tutoring. She had herself brought in contact with them, and, selecting the one who pleased her most, she proposed that instead of teaching he should assume the charge of half a dozen little boys, during three afternoons of each week, and take them out-of-doors for a frolic. The remuneration was to be one dollar "per capita" for each afternoon, exclusive of the trifling incidental expenses. The advantage to health of the outdoor life and activity for a student was at once perceptible. The boys were all children of mutual friends, whose home training might be trusted, and the young tutor was to see fair play, teach them outdoor sports, and make them enjoy themselves. Never was plan more delightfully realized. The boys formed themselves into a little club, with name, officers, and by-laws, which conferred a new and pleasing sense of importance and maturity. The tutor was inexhaustible in resource for the children's amusement. In winter he made arrangements for coasting and tobogganing at a place on the outskirts of the city, where they also had famous snowball fights and made snow statuary. He taught them both ice and roller skating, shinny, baseball, and football. When a ball-game was to come off, those who had distinguished themselves by good behavior were privileged to invite a friend, to make up the required number—with the result that a second boys' club was speedily formed of the occasional guests, which occupied the remaining afternoons that the popular young tutor had at his disposal.

He took the boys over a school-ship, and from the top of some of the new "sky-scrapers" showed them the relative positions of the suburbs of their city. On rainy days they would sometimes visit that portion of the Metropolitan Museum devoted to natural history, which was prolific in suggestion for story-telling, for it became quite the accepted custom for the boys to expect some thrilling tale of adventure while they tramped to and from their destination. An exhibition of historical wax figures furnished other topics for entertaining talks, in which they accumulated interesting information while they thought themselves being merely amused. Silk, paper, and hat factories offered other resources for instructive entertainment, and once they visited a great publishing house and saw how their favorite young people's magazine was printed. Some days, when the weather was unusually disagreeable, this devoted young man would take the little fellows to his own room, and there divert them with plays, games, and puzzles, the entertainment concluding with a feast of apples, bananas, and peanuts, which was greatly relished.

As the spring advanced, delightful excursions were made in the neighborhood. They visited the Statue of Liberty, and sailed down to Staten Island to enjoy the delights of a country walk in the sweet spring sunshine. They were taught to row on the Central Park lake, and had little races in rival boats. In the kite season they were shown tricks of kite-flying known only to the initiated, and went to the swimming-baths, where they disported themselves like ducks, and almost learned to swim.

They scorned to ride inside an omnibus when the mild weather came, and scrambled to the top, where they sang college songs and were "as merry as grigs."

Of course all the boys were making collections of stamps, and the tutor always had a few desirable ones which he used as rewards of merit.

Long tramps in the Park gave opportunity for a little botanizing. It did not require much knowledge in order to interest them—the young tutor was no marvel of learning, but just a sunny-tempered, manly young fellow whose

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own boyhood was not so far away that he had forgotten its tastes and feelings, and with the sincere, conscientious desire to please his little charges as well as to be worthy the trust reposed in him by their anxious and doting parents.

Such a pleasant industry would be a boon to many an impecunious young student. The time spent out-of-doors in somewhat active exercise, the change of thought and occupation from the society of books to that of the merry, innocent little lads—who repay any effort for their enjoyment with such enthusiastic affection—all would have a beneficial effect upon mind and nerves, while the friendship of the parents might prove of great service at the outset of a career.

An Evident Need

Dear Outlook:

You have led the patrons of your valuable paper to infer that you can give almost any information on any subject in which the public is interested, so I take the liberty of writing you.

Do you know of any institution, supported by wealthy, kindly disposed persons, for the training and restriction of young girls about sixteen, homeless, wayward, whose tendency is downward unless there is a restraining power over them, where they can be taught to be useful and watched over until they can go out in the world strong enough, morally, to earn their own living? The young girl to whom I refer has been kept to this time from evil, but the lady has failed financially, so she is not able to keep her longer, and would like some place of safety for her.

Yours truly, MRS. G. T.

The above letter is one of several that have been received at this office this year. It shows plainly that one of the greatest needs of our civilization at present is some sort of a training-school and home where girls, with or without parents, who cannot be controlled at home, may be received and trained. It would be very much wiser to have a number of these training-schools and homes than to have a big institution. Take any of the towns about New York. There are money enough and ability enough in any suburban town about New York to build and maintain a home where young girls of from twelve to eighteen should be received and trained for household service. Hundreds of girls go astray because they are ignorant, not because they are naturally bad. There comes to mind now a story told by one of the slumming brigade of the Salvation Army, which is but the epitome of the life of thousands of girls in New York. Mr. Brander Matthews's story in a recent number of "Harper's," "Before the Break of Day," epitomizes the story again of thousands. The story told by the captain of the slumming brigade, an English woman whose kindly face was also one showing good judgment, was, in brief, this:

She heard the cry of a baby shortly after she had moved into a house where her battalion had begun its work. The cry of the baby was so pitiful that she found it impossible to sleep. She dressed herself and went through the house until she found the room from which it came. This proved to be a back room at the top of the house. She opened the door. On the floor was a little baby, two months old; not far from her lay its mother, in a drunken sleep—a mother about eighteen years old. In the corner of the room, also in drunken slumber, were three sailors. This angel of mercy picked up the little crying baby, carried it to her own rooms, woke up one of her companions, and had the baby fed and cared for. She went back to the home of sin and ignorance, made a fire, boiled the kettle and made coffee, and then sat down to wait for the drunken sleepers to awake. The men woke first. She gave them the coffee, and then said: "Now you can't come here any more, for I am going to protect this woman." They protested, but she stood her ground and said, "You never can come here again. I mean to watch over this young thing." At last they saw that she meant what she said, and left, and she sat down again to wait for the little woman to awaken. After she had been fed and had her hair combed, and clean clothing had been given her, this expression of God's love for humanity, in the form of a woman, cleaned up the dirty, poverty-stricken home, and asked no questions of its ignorant mistress. She made her understand that she was a friend, and that she meant to protect her from herself, and the story of that little broken life came out. She did not know who her father was. Her mother had been a drunkard, and nobody had taught her to work. She tried to get work in factories, but she hated being shut up indoors, and at last she had met the fate that was but the natural outcome of her unprotected and ignorant childhood and girlhood. Two years before she had become in name, though not in fact, the wife of one of the roughs of the neighborhood, who, at the time this story was told, was serving out a term of imprisonment for burglary at Sing Sing. The little crying baby was not his child, and the one terror that hung over its mother was that he would kill her when he got out of prison and found her with this baby. The girl was perfectly ignorant of life except as it is lived within a radius of three or four blocks in the very heart of the slum region of New York. She could not use a broom, she could not wash dishes, she actually did not know how to make a fire so that it would burn. She became the ward of the battalion of the Salvation Army. They supported her, taught her to do housework, and finally taught her how to sew, and had her taught how to bind shoes, going back and forth with her from her work. She adored her baby, a lovely boy. At the expiration of the term of imprisonment her husband was met at the Grand Central Station in fear and trembling. Her first words were: "John, there's a little baby at home, and it isn't yours." He pushed her from him. He was a giant in strength; she was a tiny, frail woman, who in figure and expression was childlike. And then he took her back to his heart and said, "You were but a baby yourself when I left you." The couple were married, and to-day are in New York, happy, honest, thrifty.

This woman was redeemed, and the family life redeemed, because she was taught how to make a home. Such a training for home-making would mean not merely the redeeming of the individual, but the foundation for a family life that would promise health and prosperity. Slowly the philanthropic world is learning that the true palliatives for the sufferings of the poor are tenement-houses built on healthful plans—plans that pay due attention to sanitation and hygiene—and the education of girls in the homely arts of home-making.

Table for Boiling Vegetables

The following valuable table of time for the boiling of vegetables will be of use to many cooks:

Asparagus, 15 to 20 minutes.	Oyster-plant, 30 to 60 minutes.
Beans (shell), 1 to 2 hours.	Parsnips, 30 to 45 minutes.
Beans (string), 2 hours.	Peas, 15 to 20 minutes.
Young Beets, 45 to 60 minutes.	Potatoes 20 to 30 minutes.
Cabbage, 30 to 45 minutes.	Spinach, 20 to 30 minutes.
Carrots, 40 minutes.	Squash, 20 to 30 minutes.
Cauliflower, 30 to 45 minutes.	Tomatoes, 15 to 20 minutes.
Green corn, 5 to 8 minutes.	Turnips, 2 to 3 hours.
Onions, 30 to 45 minutes.	

The Vacation Fund

The contributions to this Fund have been so generous this year as to support both Cherry Vale and Craigville—that is, to meet every expense not met by the money paid for board by the girls. It has been stated here frequently that there are working-girls who can meet all the expenses of their vacation; there are many more who could, if they kept their wages for their own use; but, if they did, the burden on our charitable institutions would be much greater, as well as the demands on the public funds. Their wages support homes that shelter little brothers and sisters, sick fathers and mothers; their wages keep the family together when father and brothers are out of work. A group of girls in one club (girls of about fifteen) came with

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fifty cents each to pay two weeks' board. It was all they could give, and even that meant going without things they needed, but they wanted to pay all they could. Cherry Vale and Craigville are both filled with happy girls whose burdens are dropped for at least two weeks.

Received since January 1, 1894, and previously acknowledged,	$3,796 38
Berkshire, North Adams, Mass	10 00
A. C. and C. B. C., Englewood, N. J.	10 00
S. B. M., New London, Conn	10 00
Nemo	2 00
E. M., Minneapolis, Minn	1 00
Three Friends, Binghamton, N. Y.	10 00
E. H. W., Dolgeville, N. Y.	5 00
Comfort Cottage, Wianno, Mass.	10 00
Baby Agnes Warren, Reading, Pa	1 00
S. B. I., Fair Haven, Conn	1 00
G. F. M., New York	10 00
A Friend, East Orange, N. J.	3 00
Ithaca, N. Y.	5 00
Class No. 8, Congregational Sunday-School, Cadillac, Mich.	2 00
L. H. P., Pomona, Cal.	3 00
Total	$3,879 38

Please make all checks payable to The Outlook Company.

A Strange Nation

Doubtless the boys and girls who read The Outlook have noticed recently many references to the Mosquito nation. The Mosquito country is on the eastern shore of Central America, and extends a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. Originally the Mosquito natives were cannibals. Ferdinando Columbus, the son of Columbus, discovered them, and he tells us that "in all respects they were very rude, eating human flesh, and devouring their fish raw as they happened to kill them." They are a very hardy race, of great endurance, and have held their own against the attacks of Honduras and Nicaragua.

A Spanish slave-ship was wrecked on the coast. The Mosquitos and these slaves became one nation, and are known now as the Sambos, which is the original of the name that we frequently hear applied to the negroes among us. As early as 1710, some planters from Jamaica, Englishmen by birth, came to these shores, having heard of the agricultural wealth. The Sambos became themselves slave-traders, capturing the Caribs on their own frontier and selling them to the Jamaica planters. It is claimed that many English officials became wealthy because of the aid they furnished to this traffic. It is said that one British consul at Bluefields made himself very popular with the Sambos by conferring upon them the titles of general, major, and captain—designations that for a time meant a great deal. He was rather too generous with these gifts that cost him nothing and which he had no right to confer, and he had then to confer greater titles, so that many of the ignorant blacks appeared under the cognomen of dukes and earls, and later still he was compelled to name a king. The king was presented with a silk hat, a red coat, and a shirt, a brass crown of huge dimensions, and an enormous broadsword. The Sambos greatly enjoyed their new dignity.

The greatest animosity exists between the Caribs and the Mosquitos. Even a few years ago a Carib who went into the Mosquito country and settled was killed when he returned to his own. The country is very fertile. The natives raise bananas, sarsaparilla root, cocoa, and vanilla. They do not know the value of money, and are therefore poor. They are poor business men, and actually receive but very little of the money which their products bring. They live in thatched sheds of palmetto. These dwellings are about six feet high at the very eaves. They have no chimneys, and when the cooking is done indoors the inmates all have sore eyes. The natives make a very nice hammock, and a canoe which they call "pitpans." They weave a grass-cloth out of the rubber plant, and make harpoons. Their language is not understood by the surrounding tribes. Their lagoon or harbor is about forty-five miles in length, surrounded by shores covered with the most beautiful tropical vegetation. Fish abound. There is a bar across the harbor which can be crossed only by vessels of very light draft. This was well understood by pirates of the olden times, and when they were pursued they knew they were safe after they had crossed this bar.

The principal river of this country is the Escomdido, which flows into the lagoon. On the south bank of this river is the town of Bluefields, the residence of the man who was made king, and of the British consul. About one hundred and fifty white people live in this town. Strange to say, Bluefields is considered healthy, and the fevers that are known to exist on the Isthmus are not known at this point. Close to the ground the pineapple and cactus grow, and the banana-trees and cocoanut-palms grow so thickly overhead as to make a shed. The principal occupation of boys, a correspondent tells us, is to climb to a crotch in one of the cocoanut-trees (which frequently grow to seventy-five or one hundred feet in height) and suck the cocoanut-juice. It is said that these Sambo boys climb the trunks of these trees as a lineman ascends an electric telegraph pole. Frequently, it is said, the boys have fights while up in these trees, and use the cocoanuts as missiles. People passing in the street beneath must be careful. Such titles as the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of York, Disraeli, and other noted names are quite common among these negroes. England and the United States have the greatest representation of white people in the Mosquito country. Lord Nelson, one of the Mosquitos, is said to be very friendly to the white people. This man had heard of the United States and Mexico, and asked very intelligent questions about their large cities. The people of this strange country are said to be of a very happy temperament.

The Mystery of the Lockman Granary

By William Murray Graydon

In Two Parts—II.

"Tell your folks," Ike said, "that you're going along with me to the cabin to-night to set lines for eels. I'll spread the news over our way, and it won't be a lie, because that's just what we'll do. Only we'll slip back here to the granary about ten or eleven o'clock, and if the thief comes he'll be trapped."

Mart and Van thought the scheme a good one, and after discussing it a little longer Ike went home.

The "cabin" was a brush shanty that the three lads had built a year before over on Stony Creek, and here they would frequently spend a night, running their lines every hour or so for eels and catfish.

Van spoke of the proposed trip at the dinner-table, and Mr. Lockman gave a ready consent.

"You're welcome to go, boys," he said, "and I reckon it won't do any harm to let the granary alone for one night—especially at this short notice. Don't say anything outside, though."

"Be sure you bring something home in the morning," added Tucker Green. "I've a hankering for fried eels for breakfast."

"It depends on how they bite," replied Mart, "but we'll do our best."

"The fishing ought to be good," Van said; "there was a shower this morning."

Greatly to the relief of the boys, the conversation took another turn, and they were spared closer questioning. All afternoon they worked in the harvest-field with their father and Tucker Green, and after supper they went to the run at the foot of the orchard, and caught a number of minnows with a dip-net.

It was nearly twilight when they started off, carrying lines, a paper of lunch, and a pail containing the live bait. Ike Tarbell joined them at his front gate, and they quickly trudged the mile and a half to Stony Creek.

In spite of the thrilling work that was to come later, they were eager for fishing. They built a fire in front of the shanty, and stretched their lines across the creek by

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the aid of an old bateau that they kept concealed in the bushes.

They ran them twice, and took off seven eels and two catfish. Then, feeling hungry, they sat down and ate every bite of the lunch. A little later a hoarse, shuddering whistle was heard, faintly, at a great distance.

"That's the ten o'clock train going down!" exclaimed Ike, jumping to his feet. "Come on, fellows, it's time to start."

"We had better leave the lines in," suggested Van. "If—if we get fooled we can come back here early in the morning."

"That's a good idea," approved Ike; "and we'll keep the fire burning, too. Only I don't believe we'll be fooled. I feel it in my bones that something is going to happen."

After tying the string of fish to the bank and putting fresh fuel on the fire, the boys started homeward by a short cut over the fields. At Mr. Tarbell's corn-crib Ike halted his companions, and, reaching under the door, he pulled out a very heavy and ancient musket.

"It's loaded with rock-salt," he explained; "but I'm not going to do any shooting if I can help it. I'll point this at the thief and command him to throw up his hands."

"You will if you get a chance," said Mart. "You didn't forget the key, Van?"

"No; here it is. Come on, we'd better be moving."

It was now about eleven o'clock, and a pale half-moon was rising slowly above the horizon. Ten minutes of cautious creeping through two orchards and a clover-field brought the boys to Mr. Lockman's barnyard.

Before entering they listened and reconnoitered. Finding the coast clear, they hurried to the middle lower barn door, which Van opened with his key. He closed it after his companions, and followed them through a narrow passage on each side of which were stalls full of cattle.

A rickety flight of steps led the boys to the upper floor, and they crept, with cat-like tread, to the granary. It was not locked, and they squatted comfortably on a pile of sacks just inside the threshold.

They were in utter darkness themselves, but through the half-open door they could see, a dozen feet off, the misty outlines of the huge, double barn doors, and of the small door that was cut in one of them. The silvery moonlight colored every crack and crevice.

"It's about time for the thief to turn up, if he's coming at all," whispered Mart. "I'm anxious to see how he gets into the barn."

"So am I," replied Van. "Don't you think we ought to be armed with pitchforks? I can slip down for a couple, and be back in a jiffy."

"I wouldn't try it," advised Mart. "Ike's gun is all we need. Anyway, I don't believe the fellow will come to-night. There's too much moonlight."

"If he does come, all this talking will scare him away," muttered Ike. "Keep quiet now, and watch."

This was good advice, and for more than an hour not a word was spoken. The only sound was the occasional stirring of horses and cattle down in the stalls.

"I'm getting tired," Van finally whispered. "This ain't half as much fun as fishing for eels. I'll bet the thief didn't know we were going off duty to-night. If we had given him more time—"

Van stopped abruptly, for just then footsteps and low voices were heard close by. An instant later shadows hid some of the luminous cracks of the barn doors, and a hand with something in it was poked through a good-sized hole directly under the small door.

The boys rose noiselessly to their feet, and watched the spot. They shook with excitement.

"I knew the rascal would come," whispered Ike. "We'll have him in a minute. Don't make a sound. Be ready to grab him if he tries to run when I hold him up."

"But there are two," said Van, in a low voice. "I heard them talking. I'd better pull the bell-cord right off."

Before Ike could reply, a rattling noise was followed by the withdrawal of the hand. Then the small door swung open, and a tall figure with an empty sack in one hand entered the barn.

Just as the man was half-way to the granary Ike lifted the musket to his shoulder and started forward.

"We've got you!" he yelled. "Throw up your hands or I'll—"

The rest of the command was drowned in a crash and a loud report. Ike had fallen on the slippery floor, and the concussion exploded the gun.

With a sharp cry the robber turned, but just as quickly Mart and Sam pluckily threw themselves upon him. The struggle was short, for the man was more than a match for his young assailants. He flung Mart in one direction and Van in another; then he went out the door in a flying leap.

The three lads picked themselves up and followed. As soon as they were outside the barn they saw a dark figure vanish in the orchard. Another, evidently the one who had just broken loose, was speeding across the open field. The boys dashed in pursuit of the latter. The thought of the ducking-gun spurred them on, and they ran their level best.

Two field-lengths away was a bank of weeds and scrub, and then the canal. Either the robber was ignorant of this or he had purposely chosen that direction.

As pursuers and pursued leapt the fence at the end of the first field the distance between them was about the same. The man kept on without looking back.

"Spread out, boys!" cried Ike. "He can't get away! We'll corner him at the canal!"

So Mart swerved a little to the right and Van to the left, and in this manner the second field was crossed. The fugitive lost ground, and he was only twenty feet ahead when he bounded up the bushy slope.

"Hurrah! we've got him," cried Ike, and just then the tall figure disappeared with a splash. When the boys reached the top of the bank all they saw was a head and pair of arms moving rapidly across the canal.

"That settles it," said Van. "No swimming for me."

"If I had the gun here I'd soon bring him back," Ike cried, wrathfully.

The swimmer was now at the farther bank, and, as he climbed out upon the tow-path and shook his dripping clothes, he turned partly around. In the brief instant the moonlight shone on the familiar features of *Tucker Green!*

Then, with an angry shake of his fist, he plunged into the bushes and disappeared before the amazed boys could utter a word.

Pursuit was useless, so they trudged sadly back to the barn. Here they met Mr. Lockman, who had been roused by the gun-shot, and he refused to believe the boys' story until a search of the room over the wagon-shed showed that Tucker Green was missing.

The mystery was still further cleared up by the finding, alongside the orchard fence, of a greasy slouch hat that Jake Bagley had been known to wear for years past. And on the barn floor lay Tucker Green's clever device for lifting and resetting the inside hook of the small door—a short stick blunt at one end and with a wire hook in the other.

On account of his age, old Jake was not arrested. He made what restitution lay in his power, and confessed how Tucker Green had induced him to help steal the grain and sell it in the town.

The farmer would gladly have brought Tucker Green to justice, but the clever rascal vanished without leaving a trace behind, and it is not likely that he will ever venture back to the neighborhood.

Mart and Van were considered to have earned the promised reward, and when their father bought them the gun in the fall he stipulated that it should belong jointly to Ike Tarbell, whose shrewd plan had led to the detection of the grain-thieves.

Sir Andrew Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive thirty-two bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia.

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For the Little People

The Golden Locks

By Clara J. Denton

A great many years ago, long before even your great-grandparents were born, there was situated in one of the most beautiful corners of the earth a country called Heartland.

It had once been governed by a wise and good fairy king, and he had placed a strange enchantment upon the people.

By this enchantment every person cast a shadow, not according to his or her size, or the position of the sun, but in proportion to the amount of selfishness in his or her heart.

So, if any one could have been found whose heart was absolutely unselfish, that person would have been entirely without a shadow.

This, therefore, was the great aim of every one in Heartland—to become so full of love for others that they would be known by all the world as "the person without a shadow."

But, as you will see, this very aspiration savored of selfishness, and so stood in the way of its own accomplishment.

Thus no one ever quite reached the desired point, for the people of Heartland were just like people to-day, who find it impossible to say of any action, "There is no self here."

There was one maiden, however, whose shadow was merely a rim of white light, for she had come very near to absolute self-forgetfulness.

This maiden, whose name was Stella, was very beautiful, and she was also crowned by golden hair that was wonderful in its brightness and abundance.

When she let it fall about her in its shining waves, it made the darkest night radiant, for the light from it was like the light of a thousand blazing lamps.

Stella was proud of her hair, far too proud, she well knew, and she tried with all her might to forget its beauty, but she could not.

Sometimes when she combed it she would sit for hours gazing at its wondrous shining, thus forgetting other and more important duties.

Then a chance glance over her shoulder would show her that her shadow had grown larger and darker, and she would quickly put up her hair, while sorrow and shame would take the place of the pride in her heart.

In another corner of the earth, far away from Heartland, lived a big, bad, black ogre.

He had long been the terror of his own land, for I cannot begin to tell you of all the wicked deeds he had done.

But one day he felt a sudden contempt for his native country, and decided that he would journey abroad.

"I will travel and conquer the whole world, for wherever I go men flee from before me," he said to himself.

And he spoke the truth.

So he journeyed far and wide, spreading death and desolation in his path.

One day he came to the borders of Heartland.

He knew nothing of the strange law that governed this country, so he went on, full of confidence in himself, and happily crossed the boundary line.

But, alas! as he was very big, and also cared for no one in all the wide world but himself, darkness immediately reigned for miles around.

So black was this sudden shadow that even the ogre could not see where he went.

But he kept on in his blind gropings, often knocking against houses and hurting himself as well as other people.

Sometimes, indeed, when the houses were small, he would upset them entirely.

Little he cared for the hurts of others, however; but, as day after day went on, and, by reason of the continued darkness, he met with many unpleasant accidents, he began to grow angry.

Then the howls of rage that he set up shook the very hills that were miles away.

Of course the poor people of Heartland were full of fear at the presence of this terrible creature, but there was no way to capture him on account of the darkness that surrounded him. Thus, you see, his very wickedness protected him.

But one day the ruler of Heartland felt a new and bright idea tingling through his brain.

"We will send for Stella," he said to himself.

So a carriage was sent to Stella's house and she was asked to visit the ruler in his palace.

As soon as she came into his presence he said to her:

"I want to send a band of strong men to capture the wicked Ogre. I might also send torch-bearers, but you know very well that their flames are mere flickers when compared with the light from your golden locks. If you will walk near the head of the column, with your bright hair hanging like a robe about you, all will be as light as day, and they will have no trouble in finding the ogre, and, having found, they will soon destroy him, for I shall send brave men and strong."

When the ruler paused, Stella was silent, and stood before him with downcast eyes.

Seeing her hesitation, he hastened to say:

"You need have no fear; no harm can come to you."

Then Stella looked up, and a swift blush passed over her face.

"It is not that," she said. "I know I shall be safe; but it is enough: I will go with your men."

Then everything was carefully prepared, and Stella, at the head of the column, with her glorious hair falling about her like a garment of sunshine, walked serenely forward, while in the distance they heard the howls of the ogre.

Nearer and nearer they came to him, while he, seeing the approach of the wonderful light, thought the day was breaking at last, and he stood still, waiting for its coming, that he might once more walk in peace and safety.

But the light grew brighter so rapidly that when Stella and the men came nearer, his long-shrouded eyes were blinded by the sudden blaze of glory.

He heard, however, the tramp of many feet, and so, suspecting that an army had come to capture him or kill him, he was filled with a mad rage.

He knew that he must protect himself, but as he could see but dimly, he threw out his mighty arms toward the spot whence the light seemed to radiate.

Instantly a dozen men sprang forward with their axes.

But they were not quick enough, for his huge hand had caught Stella's golden hair, and with one powerful wrench, as if his hand had been a mighty pair of sharp scissors, the flowing locks were severed.

Like a flash the men sprang at the wretched ogre, and in a few moments he was beyond harming any one ever again.

Then these brave men began to look around for Stella.

They found her sitting unharmed beneath a tree, her beautiful face radiant with smiles.

"It is gone," she said, putting her hand to her head, where the short hair was like a halo, "and I am glad. I loved it too well. I was very near refusing to come with you because I feared my golden locks would be rumpled or soiled. But it is gone, and my country is saved from the wicked ogre."

Then she arose, and, lo! those who stood near her saw that her slight form cast not even the faintest shadow.

But she, thinking only of her country and its glad deliverance, knew not that she had reached the height of honor in Heartland, but walked away, unattended, to her own humble home.

The men buried the ogre at once, and each one of them took a lock of the golden hair that lay strewn over the ground, and bore it ever about him as a talisman.

But the maiden never either asked or heard what became of it.

It is said that this ogre was the last of his race, and so we may thank Stella of "the golden locks" that we need no longer fear these strange and terrible beings.

Cradle-Song

Baby, sleep! the summer breezes
Rock the young bird in the tree;
Mother's breast shall be thy pillow,
Mother's arms have cradled thee!
Down the rosy vales of slumber,
Soft and low the dream-bells ring;
Follow where their voices call thee,
While my cradle-song I sing.

Baby, sleep! the rose has folded
Half her sweetness from the night;
Sleep, and when the rose is fairest,
Thou shalt wake to new delight.
Sweeter, clearer, softer, nearer,
I can hear the dream-bells ring;
Follow where their voices call thee,
While my cradle-song I sing.

Baby, sleep! for brighter visions
Than thy mother's eyes can see,
Angel hands are swiftly bringing
From the silent land to thee.
Down the rosy vales of slumber,
Fairy chimes the dream-bells ring;
Baby, sleep; and sleeping listen,
While my cradle-song I sing.

—*Songs from the Nest.*

An Old Bank-Note

In the British Museum there is a very old and very rare Chinese bank-note. It was issued in the reign of Hung-Woo, the founder of the Ning dynasty, who died in 1398. The face value of the note is about one dollar, but it belongs to the only issue of paper currency ever guaranteed by the Chinese Government. Only one other similar note is said to be in existence, being in possession of the Oriental Society of St. Petersburg.

Its value to native bankers and note-collectors all over China is well known. The late Governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Pope Hennessey, bought the note about twelve years ago at an auction of the effects of a deceased captain of one of the Chinese customs cruisers, who had amassed a large collection of Chinese coins and notes, among which was this Ning bank-note.

A Big Kite

A kite has just been made in Brooklyn that measures seventeen feet from top to bottom, and fourteen and a half feet across, and it has a tail thirty feet long. The rope used in flying it is a good-sized clothes-line, and it runs from a garden-hose reel. The first time it was sent up, ten little boys who had hold of the rope were carried along several feet before they could let go.

Summer Snowballs

This summer some one has invented a new kind of candy which delights the children in Washington. The candy is called snowball. It is made of ice chopped very fine, flavored and sweetened, and frozen into balls, which are sold at one cent apiece. The candy-manufacturers complain that they do not sell so much candy since this confection has been sold.

Penny Cakes

Bakers have been making gingerbread pennies. The cakes had the impression of the Indian's head, as our one-cent pieces have, and the legend, "one cent." The Government does not permit the use of any stamp like those used on our money, and the Government officials destroyed the stamps or dies used by the bakers.

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Sunday Afternoon

The Return to Nature[1]

By the Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D.

He hath made everything beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.—Ecclesiastes iii., 11.

I have no very definite conception of what these words mean. I do not intend to use them for purposes of instruction, but for purposes of suggestion and inspiration. This is poetry. The aim of poetry is to exalt the feelings, to kindle the imagination. A statement not sharply defined to thought may yet by suggestion carry and inspire one more energetically and penetratingly than any clearly defined proposition. Sounds and odors are often more effective than words. I have chosen these words for precisely the same reason that we place flowers upon the pulpit. We wish by their beauty, by their innocence, by the lovely suggestions that cling about them like fragrance, to carry your minds and hearts off into the blessed world which they represent.

We stand to-day at the beginning of the month of beauty. Already we begin to hear the call of the fields and the woods and the mountains and the sea stealing in through the clamor of our city life. There is a secret whisper at the heart. Come away for a time to your true home, and let us restore you again to calmness and simplicity, to singleness of heart and clearness of vision.

This text of ours contains several intimations which may prove valuable to us. "He hath made everything beautiful in its time." Here is a distinct announcement that beauty is a prime object in this world, and that beauty is very extensively sought by the Creator. He has not only made beautiful objects, but has made *everything* beautiful in its own time and manner. We must bear in mind that beauty is a distinct appeal to us over and above all the utilities and economies. A world that met all the needs of its creatures and nothing more would be standing proof that those creatures were simply in the animal order. When you build a stall for a horse, you plan for nothing beyond animal needs—warmth, ventilation, food, cleanliness, rest. Any touch of beauty beyond these is for your own eye. If you added beauty for the eye of your horse, you would thereby recognize in him an æsthetic nature like your own. That one touch of beauty for his eye would open an entirely new world to you and him. So a world devoted to gray and angular utilities would be proof positive that we were a race of creatures which needed good housing and feeding and nothing more. But what shall we say of this knot of blue violets in the grass? They do not catch the eye of the grazing ox. They do not stay his foot which grinds their appealing beauty into the sod. The dog leaps over them in pursuit of game, or in wanton play. The birds speed by, thinking only of safety or food or nest. But when you, the divine child, come, this utterance from the heart of your Father stops you as imperatively as a command. You drop on your knees beside the exquisite token from the heavens, and with full heart and suffused eyes read his loving thought as from an illuminated missal. Something has been said to you from on high that no other eye or ear on earth can interpret. And when you lift up your eyes upon the green and spacious earth, with its endlessly varied beauties of tint and form and grouping, and over all the deep and wide heavens with their unbearable glory of light and their flying cloud-forms or spaces of fadeless blue, the voice that speaks in your heart of hearts is from the depths within to the deeps of God without—deep calling unto deep: This is my Father's house, my home, the very gate of heaven. While the beauty of the earth remains, no man can persuade me that I am simply a creature of physical forces adjusted to a system of smoothly running utilities, and when my little circuit of eating and sleeping is ended I drop back into the great blind mass of the earth again. No! no! I pluck the meanest flower that blows, and oppose that as more than shield and buckler against this leaden philosophy of earth and death. That fragile thing, born of the pale spring sun, cradled on the inconstant winds of April, delicate as thought, fairer than a dream, is yet something to be reckoned with in this universe more impassable than the mountains, more profound than the seas. It is a token dropped fresh from the shaping fingers of my Father's hand to me, the beloved child, who can look into its delicate heart and read a thought to me. We must not for a moment, then, think of beauty as something for a passing breath of sentiment. Nay, rather it is to be loved and reverenced as the sign and token that the earth is inhabited by sons of God. Beauty in our world—"Everything made beautiful in its season"—is the divine, omnipresent witness that we are something more than physical beings, fit only for a world of stark utilities and necessities; we are the children of the supreme Intelligence and Imagination and Love. We follow Him with clear eye and responsive heart through the heights and depths of his creative work. Not a curve is added to leaf or petal, not a point of gold-dust on an insect's wing, but is there for your eye and mine, and has answered its purpose when we lift our hearts in grateful recognition to Him who is the eternal fountain and source of beauty.

Our text declares that "Also he hath set the world in their hearts." I do not care much what the poet's precise thought is here. I get this impression: We are so vitally joined to the world that it somehow gets immense power over us. It is as though it reigned over heart and mind in some intimate and potential way. Heart and life are, more profoundly than we are wont to think, set to the time and pulse of the outer world. We moderns are wont to scorn the ancient notions of astrology and moon-madness. We are hardly willing to admit the merest weather moods. Yet it is true that the criminal record rises and falls with the thermometer. The zones of the globe are also an accurate map of the moral world. As you approach the torrid zone, you not only approach a riot of vegetable life, but the restraints of moral life are loosened. Intellectual life takes on more efflorescent forms. On the other hand, when you set your face to the chaste and self-contained North, you find that the human soul is likewise girded up to more reserved and temperate activities. We make our general observations that mountaineers are proud, freedom-loving people. The inhabitants of the plains are plodding and industrious. So, in a general way, we make recognition of vital ties between us and the outer world. But I am sure this poet has a deeper, more spiritual thought. The world is set in our hearts. It somehow gets in there to some central depths of us, with its overshadowing truths and great, overmastering moods. This is why I believe that it is salutary, actually medicinal, for us to get away from our artificial life as often as possible, and to be alone with the ancient, unperverted powers of the world. I, for one, can testify that no chapters of judgment, no penitential psalms, have ever searched and winnowed my soul like the living, awful presence of the primeval forest. The purity of the vast, deep life there, stretched in unaffected sincerity to the heavens; the majesty of the great brotherhood of trees, the tranquillity, the chaste beauty, the solemnity, have enwrapped the soul and penetrated it, till one could only cover the face, as in the divine presence, and cry, "Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Oh, the awful purity of this great life about us! Crimes and degradations multiply just in proportion as men crowd together and forget the unstained life of the physical world, which, in normal conditions, holds such purifying, uplifting influence over us as the life of a mother.

The *power* of nature has likewise a salutary ministry for us. Have you never felt that it is good for you to have the personal equation reduced to zero? to have your individuality stripped of all the little conceits, all the factitious importance, which by degrees attach to us in our relations to men? You have doubtless felt this wholesome reduction to your original quantity in presence of the power of nature as nowhere else. The Psalmist cried, in presence of the midnight heavens, "What is man, that thou art

[1] Preached at Albany, N. Y., June 3, 1894.

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mindful of him?" We all have uttered the same cry out of the depths of our littleness and humiliation. Have you never lain at midnight, when a summer storm possessed heaven and earth, and listened to the tumult of mighty voices, the rush and triumph of the wind, the swirl and eddy of the down-pouring torrents, the roar of the struggling trees, while under all the diapason of the thunder shakes the very globe? The blackness of darkness engulfs the contending forces. What an atom are you! What are your little airs and triumphs! Lift up your voice: you could not be heard an arm's length. Muster your strength: you are a leaf. Offer your money: thank Heaven, there are no mercenaries among those powers! No; you are driven back to just your original quantity and quality of being, and, like a little child, you can only cry to your Father to take care of you. And when the morning comes, not only is the world cleansed and renewed by the storm, but, if you are an intelligent, reverent child of God, you find that your soul has likewise been purified and restored to the simplicity and meekness of a child.

We may also well consider how the stability and unchangeableness of nature hold us to truth. The same great truths from age to age are reiterated in precisely the same terms, until our slow hearts are compelled to learn. When we see men so careful and fearful respecting their little theories and notions, one can hardly repress a smile of pity. As if the heavens and the earth were not keeping faith with God, their creator, and would, sooner or later, bring all our little systems to terms! We make a little scheme of the heavenly bodies, and build a queer little religious doctrine respecting the earth, and read our Bibles and say our prayers accordingly, and fight among ourselves over our petty theory. But the stars hold on their courses; the earth swings in its orbit, turns on its axis. The truth is beaten in and in, age after age, until we get something like a rational astronomy. Then we have to begin to retranslate our Bibles, reconstruct our theologies, and adjust our thinking to the illimitable universe, and enlarge our thoughts of God by the same great measure.

We make another little theory concerning the age and structure of our earth. We read our theory into our Bibles. We persecute as heretics the men who even question its truth. But the rocks held the story of their birth and history, and told it over and over in unvarying terms, till at last the dullest ears must hear; and again we go through the humiliating process of retranslating our Bibles and readjusting our theologies and making atonement as well as we can for the martyrdoms meted out to our scholars and seers. When will we get that fact sufficiently beaten in, that we are in God's universe, and that his truth is wrought into the grain and fiber of things?

The last suggestion of our poet is *mystery*. "Man cannot find out the work that God hath done from the beginning even unto the end." And we praise Him for it! For what could equal the misery of living even for a year in an exhausted world? It would be to mind and soul a strait-jacket and a darkened cell.

Even the dear common grass, I would loathe it if I did not know that at any moment I can bend my face among its cool stems and instantly be in converse with strange races of little people, and hear rare and delicate music, and feel the pulse of a deep, mysterious life which runs off into universes of littleness where the microscope cannot follow. What is it but the mystery of the sea which calls us and holds us year after year? How the soul runs out over the vast and heaving floor to that faint and luminous horizon-line, as if in quest of a door into eternity! The miracle-play of the heavens by day, their glowing, unsearchable deeps at night, keep the soul forever kindled and strong for their revelations of beauty and truth. Our youth is renewed like the eagles—we mount up with wings, we walk without fainting, because we dwell in a universe that is forever and forever bearing us on into unexplored realms. And when we turn from the visible and created to Him, the Invisible and Uncreate, we find no mystery of darkness at all, but are lost in excess of light. And the light is our life. He is our home.

O friends, what a great thing it is to be a living soul in such a universe! What a glory and triumph is human life when lived in God our Father, who is the life and light of all!

The Life of Christ

X.—"A Day with Jesus"[1]

By Lyman Abbott

In our study of the life of Christ, attracted by the more romantic and striking features of his character, we are apt to pass by in ignorance the more prosaic, though not less essential, virtues. By many students of the Gospel his industry and energy are probably but little considered. Renan, in his picture of the Galilean ministry of Christ, gives an impression of a purely idyllic life, a sort of perpetual picnic and continuous ovation. So profoundly has the inward peace of the Master impressed itself on the minds of his disciples that few realize that this peace was maintained in the midst of a life of ceaseless activity, continual conflict, almost unbroken external excitement. It is quite safe to say that no man ever accomplished so much in so brief a public life as was accomplished by Jesus Christ between his baptism and his crucifixion. Luther's personal ministry lasted something over a quarter of a century; John Wesley's, about seventeen years; Jesus Christ's, a little over three years. During these three years he personally preached in all the principal towns and cities of Palestine. He traveled hundreds of miles on foot. He carried on innumerable reported and unreported conversations with individual inquirers and individual critics. He acted as physician, healing probably hundreds who came to him for help, ministering to them with his own hands. He selected companions to be his immediate disciples, to learn from him his principles and promulgate them after he had gone; and he so imbued them with those principles and with his spirit that, instead of being scattered by his death, they were brought more closely together, and formed an organization which has since, in different forms, extended over and, by its spiritual influence, dominated the entire civilized world. Wherever he went he was thronged by crowds, sometimes enthusiastic and admiring, sometimes demanding help which always cost him vital energy, sometimes hostile and even threatening personal violence. The houses of his friends furnished him no real opportunity for repose, for the clamorous crowds flowed into them, overrunning all barriers. If he crossed the Lake of Gennesaret, seeking a little quiet in the comparatively deserted hills on the opposite shore, the multitude followed after him, some by boats and some on foot. If he left Palestine altogether, and sought to escape the throng in a pagan community, he found that his reputation had gone before him and he could not be hid. Apparently he had only two resources for repose. He seems to have been fond of the water, and sometimes to have sailed out upon the lake and secured a little exemption from the crowd there. Once so weary was he that the tossing to and fro of the boat in a tempest, sufficiently severe to affright stout-hearted sailors, failed to disturb him. His other resource was to wait until the world was wrapped in sleep and then go up upon some of the hills, among which he passed most of his life, and secure for solitude, meditation, and prayer a little time from the hours which man generally gives to slumber.

The Scripture suggested for our study to-day is mainly occupied with giving a picture of one day in the life of Jesus. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this day was but one of many equally full of service.[2]

The Sea of Galilee, a lake in size and shape somewhat similar to Lake Luzerne in Switzerland, Loch Lomond in Scotland, or our own Winnipesaukee, was in the time of Christ the center of a teeming and busy population. No

[1] Bible Study Union Lesson No. 11. International Sunday-School Lesson (Fourth Quarter) Nos. 2 and 3. (Oct. 14, Oct. 21.) Mark i., 16-45; Luke v., 1-11.
[2] The student who can do so is recommended to read Delitzsch's "A Day with Jesus Christ."

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less than six cities of considerable size were crowded along thirteen miles of coast-line on its western and northwestern shores; its waters furnished employment for hundreds of fishermen; lying on the direct caravan route between the East and the Mediterranean shore, it was the center of a busy trade; it was the watering-place of the wealthy and the fashionable at certain seasons of the year; and on the hillsides around were cultivated vineyards, and in the fertile plains the farmer turned the furrow and dropped his seed. Here, therefore, were gathered representatives of every class, and their vocations furnished the material for every type of parable: the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, the net cast into the sea, the sower sowing his seed, the vineyard with its unfruitful tree, the guests invited to a royal marriage feast. Cast out from Nazareth, Christ came down to Capernaum, one of the principal cities upon this lake, and made it his home, so far as he could be said to have any home. The disciples of John the Baptizer, who had for a little while gathered about him on the banks of the Jordan, had gone back to their peasant occupations. Jesus Christ was alone.

It was apparently upon a Friday that he finds four of these men, after an all-night fishing expedition, washing their nets on the shore of the lake. He begs the loan of one of their boats, pushes it out a few feet from the shore, and, sitting down in it, talks to the people gathered in a natural amphitheater upon the beach. His sermon over, he turns to Simon and bids him push out into deeper water and throw his nets again. It was hardly to be expected that a fisherman who had toiled all night in vain would take directions respecting his own craft from the son of a carpenter. But there was something in the personality of Jesus Christ which overrode all such prejudices. Simon followed the direction, and the net was filled to breaking.

This is the time, strangely inopportune it would naturally seem, which Jesus chooses in which to call on these four fishermen to leave their work and attach themselves to him; but Jesus was accustomed to choose times which afforded a test of character. The four fishermen stand the test; they leave their catch of fish, their nets, their boats, with some of their comrades, attracted by no other promise than this, that they shall be successful in catching men. Not till some time after, it must be remembered, did these disciples have any conception that Jesus was the promised Messiah, and not till after his death and resurrection did they have any true conception of what his Messiahship meant.

The next day—certainly within a day or two after—Jesus enters into the synagogue at Capernaum, and repeats there his message that the kingdom of God is at hand. The power of his glad tidings, which evokes all that is manliest and divinest in his auditors, and fills them with a new hope for themselves and their fellows, is felt by the audience, who recognize the fact that here is a preacher of a different sort from that of the hair-splitting, technical, scholastic scribes. A lunatic in the synagogue, whom the people of that age believed to be possessed of an evil spirit, interrupts the service; the Master cures him with a word.[1] The lunatic in that age was looked upon, not, as now, with sympathy, but with reprobation, and Christ's response to the interruption of the service, not by an angry rebuke, but by a merciful remedy, probably quite as much as the remedy itself, surprised the people.

The service over, Jesus goes with his four disciples to the home of Simon Peter, who was married, and whose mother-in-law lay sick in the house. In the simple science of that day fevers were classified as "little" and "great." Luke, a physician, characterized this as a great fever; that is, one of the most serious and aggravated type. Simon appeals to the Master for help; it is granted; and the woman, without passing through any period of convalescence, straightway arises and ministers to the household.[2]

[1] It is not possible in a paragraph to discuss the problem of demoniacal possession. For reasons which I have stated in my "Life of Christ," Chapter XIII., I believe not only that there really was, but that there really still is, such a phenomenon.

[2] In this incident one may, without undue fancifulness, see a type of Christ's spiritual cure: he not only banishes the disease, but he inspires health and strength for newness of life.

Sunset is a sign for the commencement of the greatest social activity in Palestine, and at sunset the obligation of Sabbath rest comes to its close. As the sun goes down behind the western hills, a motley crowd begins to besiege the house of Peter. Hither come the helpless paralytic, the unhappy epileptic, the blind groping their way, the lunatic in his half-consciousness of disease; hither invalids borne by others on their mattresses, or parents bringing their children, or children supporting their aged and infirm parents; hither also a great crowd drawn by curiosity to see and hear this rabbi and physician, whose words and works have filled the city with his fame. To them all Christ ministered. Nor was it till night had spread its curtains over the whole scene that the crowd dispersed and left Jesus to repose. Sorely must he have needed it, for at every touch he felt virtue go out of him. Every struggle with disease or death, or the greater evil of sin, cost him effort, and the more effort because in all diseases and death he saw at once the symbol and the consequence of sin. So apparent was this cost to the Master that his disciples looking on him instinctively applied to him the words of the ancient prophet, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." The nervous exhaustion of the day was too great to permit sleep, and, rising early in the morning, he sought repose in solitude and prayer, away from the haunts of men.

Such was one day of Christ's life. Such the industry, the energy, the enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice of his service.

Ike Miller

By Margaret Meredith

Henry Moorhouse was holding a series of meetings in a mining district in the North of England, when one evening a notorious rough, Ike Miller, came in and took a seat near the front. Preacher and helpers trembled; this was the man who had threatened to break up the services.

The sermon was on the love of Christ, and "The Boy Preacher" longed to reach the heart of the wild, grimed miner who sat so strangely quiet gazing into his face. He could but think that there was an eager look in those hard eyes. But when the meeting was over, some of the good old men gathered round regretfully. "Ah, Henry, you didn't preach right. You ought to have preached at Ike Miller. You had a great opportunity, and you lost it. That softly sort of preaching won't do him any good. What does he care about the love of Christ? You ought to have warned him. You ought to have frightened him, and tried to make him see his dreadful danger, and the dreadful punishment he is going to get." "I told them," said Mr. Moorhouse, in his childlike tone, so sweet to recall—"I told them that I was *real sorry* I had not preached right to him. I wanted so to help him."

Meantime the big miner was tramping home. His wife—poor gaunt woman!—heard his step and started: "Home so early?" and she ran in front of the children crowding themselves into a corner. But as he entered she stared in bewilderment; he was not drunk; he was not scowling.

He put his arms around her and kissed her, and said, "Lass, God has brought your husband back to you;" then, gathering up the shrinking children, "My little boy and girl, God has brought your father back to you. Now let us all pray," and he knelt down. There was a long pause, a silence but for the many sobs; he could not think of any words; his heart was praying, but Ike Miller had uttered no prayer and heard no prayer since his boyhood. At last words from those distant days came to him—something that his mother had taught him—and from that hovel floor, in the midst of that remnant of an abused family, sounded out in rugged gutturals:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

We know well that he was suffered to come, helped to come.

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The Religious World

A New Episcopal Movement

It is with hearty sympathy that we announce the decision of the Parochial Missions Society of the Episcopal Church to hold general pre-Lent missions in New York and Philadelphia. The plan starts with the earnest indorsement of Bishops Potter and Whitaker, and it is hoped that every clergyman in the two cities will participate in furthering the revival. The aid of Americans and Englishmen representing all schools of churchmanship, and who have proved their excellence as missioners, will be secured, and by the beginning of Advent, December 1, it is expected that the endeavor will be fully inaugurated. It will continue to Lent, when, as is well known, the Episcopal Church annually keeps many extra services, which this year will themselves be augmented by the revival. The most interesting, important, and hopeful feature of the movement, however, is the determination to unite all forms of organized Christianity in a synchronous endeavor for the health of souls. Similar evangelistic meetings will be held among the various Protestant Churches, and special efforts put forth at the same period by the Evangelical Alliance, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army. The Roman Catholics, too, will probably hold their missions at the same season. Thus every Christian force ought to be in the field at once, and it is sensibly suggested that Holy Week be made a universal Week of Prayer as an appropriate climax.

Bishop Potter is the President of the Parochial Missions Society, and the Rev. Charles F. Canedy, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Secretary. The Committee of Arrangements consists of the Rev. E. A. Bradley, D.D., rector of St. Agnes's Chapel, New York City; the Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Church, Harlem; and the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D., rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. These clergymen have themselves been the conductors of successful missions in various parts of the United States. They have issued a circular-letter which has been sent to the bishops and clergy all over the country, inviting their cordial co-operation. One prelate, however—Bishop Paret, of Maryland—actually thinks that the proposed revival will do no good and has decided to oppose it. He says that the methods "are wild and Quixotic, and even though they seem to promise, and may seem to bring, an immediate and apparent success, the final result will be harm and loss." Let us hope that his view may be due to a misapprehension. The Outlook welcomes the admirable plan put forth by the Parochial Missions Society. There is every reason in favor of a concerted effort by all Christian churches to make bad men good, good men better, and sinners saints.

Going to the Country

The Scene: Two rooms in a street on the East Side; it is the house of one of the University Settlements. It is ten o'clock in the morning, between which hour and twelve two hundred and twenty children between the ages of six and twelve have been told to report for a visit to the country. The first room is up one flight; at a table sits one of the residents with a list of names; by the window is the examining physician. The matron is called, and goes down to send up the children.

"Every boy must listen to me, now," cries the resident, "and when he hears his name called come up to the desk: Charles Moskowitz!

"Where do you live?"

"848 Forsyth Street."

The resident turns to a list of the houses in the district; against some of them there stands an "s," against some a "d," and a few are marked "m." Charles's house is unmarked, and he goes on to the doctor, who sits by the window.

"Open your mouth!—wider! can't you open your mouth? Like this!"—and the boy finally has his throat examined, and then his hair.

"This boy is all right," says the doctor, "except that his hair is too long in front. Weren't you told to have your hair cut?"

"I did have it cut, ma'am."

"Well, you stand over here; it isn't cut short enough."

So the boys were gone through, and the little group with too long hair was sent out with instructions not to return at one o'clock (the hour of departure) unless their hair had been cut short. But there were some sad ones among them all.

"Joe Mendelssohn!" The boy came up to the desk; he had new shoes on his feet; his clothes and face were clean and bright; in his hand was a fishing-rod; I had noticed him downstairs showing it to a dozen boys, each one of whom had the promise of a loan of it.

"Where do you live?"

"939 Chrystie Street." Sorrow and unhappiness for the boy! A letter "d" was against the house. The Board of Health said diphtheria had been there, and he could not go. So the doctor told him. Poor boy! he kept his face in pretty good order till he got out of the room, but downstairs he shed many tears; and not he alone; more than one child named his home among those marked "s"—that was scarlet fever; or "m"—that was measles. There were broken hearts, and shadow in the souls of many of them darker than the resident knew. Some of the older ones had been off before, but not every year does the invitation to spend ten days on "Life's" Farm come to this particular part of the East Side; and they wanted to go, with a want and a desire that could be measured only by the excitement of pleasure with which the fortunate majority discussed blueberries, cows, and bathing; baseball, hammocks, and the possible big barn; while back of all the items of pleasure was felt the new sight of the open country, and all its light and colors.

Then the girls came up. It is always wise to get rid of the noisy crowd first, and that's the boys. When the first troop has got into the room, the doctor cries:

"Girls, take off your hats! Now listen to me: How many girls have washed their hair three times in kerosene? Put your hands up." All the hands went up. These were wise virgins, and not to be caught napping.

The second company contained one sweet-faced child who set an example of honesty to all who followed her. "Girls who have not washed their hair three times in kerosene raise their hands!" cried the doctor. Then she gathered the delinquents at the table, and each one was asked why she had not done as she was told.

"Didn't you wash your hair?"

"No, ma'am," says little Miss Honesty; "only once."

They are of all sorts, the boys and the girls; some stupid, whose faces show no anticipation, none of the light of excitement; some quick and happy, chuckling together and executing a dance-step now and then when the resident's eye is off them. The older ones have a wise air; they know all about it; they have been before. The little ones are some of them anxious, thinking about their bundles that they must get ready; a bit afraid, too, at going away from their mothers, and not knowing where. And one little one is borne away weeping; the mother has come in at the last moment and says, "I daren't let her go; Matilda Abramowitz says she knew of two children that went into the country and they never came back." Some of the mothers are very fearful of that unknown place, "the country," and jealous, too, of all attempts to get their girls and boys out there.

Another name is called: "Celia Kronenberg!—where do you live?"

"879 Eldridge Street; please, sir, I want my little brother to go; can't he go?" and she looks down at her shoes and shuffles a little; she is very much embarrassed, but she has one good thought in her mind, and she is not afraid: she wants the little boy to go. He has hold of her hand, and doesn't quite understand what it is that he is there for.

"His name isn't on the list. Will you have his hair cut? All right; bring him with you at one o'clock, with his bundle, and we'll try to find a place for him. All you children"—and here the resident stood up—"be here at one o'clock, or a little before, with your bundles; now don't forget; if you are later than that, you can't go." And the little girl goes off happy with her brother; and all the crowd goes out, one by one, happy or sad, with instructions to keep clean, to get their bundles, and be back at one, or else with the hard word in their hearts that they must stay at home.

The other room is on the ground floor. It is half-past twelve o'clock. A crowd of bigger boys, girls, and curious passers-by stands at the windows looking in on the big front room of the Settlement house. Inside are the children; there are nearly two hundred of them, wild and noisy, crowding together on the seats, excitedly squabbling for places, running about hunting for one another, or asking questions of everybody. In a corner one of the helpers is tying up parcels for them; their bundles have come undone, or many of them have come with their night-clothes, their extra skirts or trousers, stuffed under their arms.

Mothers are there saying the last word; telling their boys how to behave; they have their babies in their arms, and both lean down to kiss good-by; some of them are anxious, and want to know the address, just how far it is, and when they are coming back. The serious little girls have postal cards, and are to write home as soon as they get there—hard work for the postmaster at Branchville, Connecticut!

Out in the corridor are little sad and tearful groups of the children that cannot go. They live in big tenements of ten or fifteen families each. Two weeks ago somebody's little child on the third floor had diphtheria, and to-day this other little child, with his hair nicely cut and his clean clothes, has to stay at home from the country while all the other boys are gone.

There have been new applications to fill the vacant places, and

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these and all the late-comers are being examined by the doctor in the back room. New ones keep arriving: one and another has lost her car-fare and must find the big sister. They are quieted down for a little while, and again checked off the list; and then, in confusion, each one anxious to be with some other, talking, crowding among mothers, helpers, and spectators, they are carried off to the horse-cars in troops of twenty-five, each with a leader.

The room is deserted, the crowd goes, the janitor and the matron sweep and clean, the sorrowful ones go home to regrets and a week of intermittent child-misery.

Down at the wharf a big steamer is loaded with children. The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund pays their expenses to Branchville, where "Life" receives them on his farm for a vacation of ten days. P. H. S.

Gleanings

—A Yorkshire curate lately advertised for "One hundred little Marys to give him shillings toward a shrine for 'Our Lady.' Tell me your little troubles and I will remember you at Mass." The Archbishop of York has forbidden this zealous curate to perform public service.

—According to a correspondent of the "New York Observer," a Christian church in some parts of Japan cannot be established without the consent of the property-owners in the neighborhood. In fact, comments the "Tribune," a church has the same status as a saloon has in a highly moral American village.

—The Rev. Dr. John P. Coyle, pastor of the North Adams (Mass.) First Congregational Church, has, says the Springfield "Republican," been notified by telegram of his being unanimously called to the First Congregational Church of Denver, Colo., whose recent pastor, the Rev. Myron W. Reed, is a candidate for nomination for Governor. The salary is $4,000 a year.

—To the list of colleges which support missionaries abroad we are requested to add the name of the Northwestern University of Evanston, Ill. Our correspondent writes: "For two years the students have paid the salary of one of their own graduates who works in India under the care of the M. E. Church. As we have also a college settlement in Chicago, we may be said to work in both the home and foreign field." We may soon have to begin a list of colleges which do *not* support missionaries abroad. We have been surprised and pleased at the number of colleges which have been named as exceptions to the sweeping and mistaken statement repeated in our "Gleanings." Thus sometimes even a blunder produces pleasant and interesting results.

—The Brooklyn "Eagle" states that it is the intention of Mrs. Mary Budington Wilcox to erect a memorial to her father, the late William Ives Budington, D.D., LL.D., longtime the pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church in Brooklyn. It is to be erected at Northfield, and it is to be in the form of a chapel there. Anything, adds the "Eagle," which brings Dr. Budington to the memory of Brooklyn men recalls to them the career and character of one of the best clergymen of Christianity that has ever lived and labored in this or in any other city. If there ever was a true, brave, and pure man, that man was he. As a minister of consolation he was pre-eminent. As a theologian he was sound, learned, and thorough. As a pulpit instructor he was wise, sagacious, and fearless. As a friend of all helpful forces in every department of exalted endeavor, his wisdom and his loyalty were unexceeded."

—The Rev. John Vallancy, perpetual curate of Rosliston, England, recently prosecuted the daughter of one of his parishioners for trespassing in "his" churchyard and damaging "his" hay, by visiting her sister's grave and placing flowers thereon. For this outrage on the sacred rights of property he claimed damages to the amount of *1s. 6d.* He contended that the churchyard was his private property, and that no one had a right to go into it without his permission. He cut the hay and stacked it in his yard, and had by a formal notice interdicted the defendant from damaging the crop by trimming the grass over her sister's grave, which she had done for three years. When the young lady persisted in visiting the grave, he followed her, took hold of her, and, with a contemptuous remark upon the flowers which she had placed there, knocked them off the grave with his stick. The reverend suitor lost his case because he was only a perpetual curate. Had he been a rector he could have recovered. A London newspaper in commenting upon the case says: "By two sentimental fictions, the churchyard is God's acre, and the Church the national or the people's Church. But in dry law God's acre is the incumbent's freehold, and the only right of the people in the 'national' churchyards is the right to be buried there. 'The rude forefathers of the hamlets,' the 'village Hampdens,' and all the rest, when once laid to sleep, merely serve the purpose of enriching the soil which produces the parson's hay crop, and their posterity may only visit their graves subject to the permission and convenience of the lord of the soil."

—The Burnham Industrial Farm was organized in 1887 for the reformation of boys who are unmanageable by their parents, and who show some tendency to a criminal life. Two hundred and three boys have shared the benefits and have been greatly helped by the kindly efforts put forth. The Superintendent writes us that hundreds of letters are on file from parents asking for the admission of their boys, but the capacity of the place and the number of boys have been limited by the lack of means, for the institution receives no State or county aid, and is supported by voluntary offerings. At present there are fifty-nine boys on the Farm. The management is under the control of a Board of Trustees from four different States. The workers, who live with the boys, teach, advise, and keep them under control, are a band of earnest Christian men and women in training for institutional work. The Superintendent, the Rev. John Dooly, has been a city missionary for over twenty years. There are a few vacancies in this class of workers. It is required that they serve one month on probation, and then, if accepted, they are to serve a year on small pay, take whatever duty is assigned them, assist in the manual labor of the school and farm—in fact, give themselves fully to the work. Any reader wishing further information may address the Superintendent, Canaan Four Corners, N. Y.

—Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, in her interesting paper on Church Communion Tokens in the August "Atlantic Monthly," shows that formerly their use was not confined to the Presbyterian Church. She says: "The use of the token was common in the Church of England. The 'token-books' of St. Saviour's Church of Old Southwark for the years 1588 to 1630 nearly all still exist. These are account-books of common writing-paper, one for each district. The church-wardens went once each year to every house in the parish, and in these books they entered, against the name of street, court, or alley, the names of all residents of sixteen years or older, who were bound by law to take the sacrament at the parish church or abide the severe consequences, namely, imprisonment or exile. A ticket of lead or pewter—a 'sacramental token'—was given to each person to be delivered at the communion-table. These books form now a valuable statistical and topographical record of that part of London, and have for us another interest; for in that parish, at that time, Shakespeare lived, and to him must have been delivered these tokens stamped with the letters S. S.—St. Saviour's. In these token-books are the names of sixteen of the actors whose names are also printed in the first edition of Shakespeare's plays. Backsliders are noted: one an Anabaptist, another a Brownist, another a 'badd husband and cometh not to communion.' At Henley-on-Thames the tokens were called 'communion half-pence.' The Newbury tokens were stamped with a Bible. There seems to be some indication that sacramental tokens were also used as a medium of exchange, possibly as a sort of poor-ticket. It was a day of tokens; trade-tokens abounded."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Charles H. Small, of the Mount Pleasant Church, Washington, D. C., accepts a call to Hudson, O.

—C. T. Weitzel, recently of Santa Barbara, Cal., has returned from his trip abroad and may be addressed at Norwich, Conn.

—R. A. Hadden accepts a call to West Pullman, Ill.

—C. P. Gill has become pastor of the church in Westmore, Vt.

—C. N. Thomas, of West Burlington, Ia., has resigned.

—W. B. Geoghegan, of the Dane Street Church of Beverly, Mass., has resigned.

—E. M. Noyes, of Duluth, Minn., accepts a call to Newton Center, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Joseph Nesbitt, of Lock Haven, Pa., died recently.

—C. E. Sullivan accepts a call to the Second Church of Nashville, Tenn.

—J. E. Wildey accepts a call from New Boston, N. H.

—J. R. Crosser, of Glens Falls, N. Y., declines a call to the First Church of Albany.

—H. C. Herring will be installed as pastor of the Hyde Park Church of Chicago, Ill., on September 26.

—T. E. Montgomery has been called to the Olivet Church of Wilmington, Del.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Samuel P. Knapp, who for two years was the pastor of the Macdougal Street Baptist Church of this city, died in Mystic, Conn., lately.

—Nathan E. Wood, of Brookline, Mass., accepts a call to the First Baptist Church of Boston, Mass.

—J. H. Chesley resigns the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Tiffin, O.

—E. V. Shayler resigns his position as assistant at Trinity Church (P. E.), Columbus, O.

—C. H. Wheeler accepts a call to the Immanuel Baptist Church in Cincinnati, O.

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Books and Authors

American Congregationalism [1]

As its title declares, this is intended to be a "popular" history of Congregationalism. This aim to popularize its appeal was doubtless the cause of the assignment of portions of the work to different individual contributors, understood to be especially representative of various phases of Congregational interest, as well as the procurement for it of a dual Introduction by an eminent preacher and theologian and an eminent military commander.

From the publisher's point of view this various authorship of the volume may have been a happy device, but scarcely from any other. For, though all the special chapters have their value as essays on particular points of Congregational concern—the chapter by Dr. Quint being especially valuable—yet the effect of such a division of composition is necessarily to impair unity of impression and to embarrass the orderly and natural development of the story. It is, of course, impossible to construct a simple, straight-away narrative in this manner. The sense of this embarrassment is, however, confined to the later portions of the history, being those wherein, mainly, the special chapters cross or parallel the track of the chief author of the volume.

Leaving, then, these subsidiary divisions of the work out of further consideration, it may be said that the main narrative fulfills with large degree of success its aim of giving a readable, popular account of the beginnings and growth of Congregationalism. Its writer possesses the vivacious style more characteristic of the editor's chair than of the study of the historical student, and, barring occasional carelessness, one well calculated to carry forward on its current the attention of the average reader.

The treatment of what is called "Apostolic Congregationalism" is quite full enough for a volume of this character; and, while leaving the impression of a *jure divino* view of its origin, does not assert the fact, and is temperate and in obvious intention fair in tone.

"Apostolic Congregationalism Revived" affords the title for a chapter in which the rise of this church polity in England is described with commendable accuracy on the whole; though one wonders where the proof is found for such a statement as this: "Indeed, there is evidence that this apostolic Congregationalism was maintained in England from the time of Wycliffe onward." That "maintenance" must have been very feeble and obscure to have its "evidence" escape so general attention as it has hitherto done.

The familiar story of the plantings of Plymouth and the Bay churches is retold in generally graphic and truthful terms; though as to the organization of the Salem Church the error of some eminent former writers respecting a kind of twofold ordination (one of a parish minister and one of a church pastor) is fallen into and repeated. A careful attention to the authentic and strictly contemporary letter of Charles Gott should have accorded its due weight to his plain statements over any reports of later historians. Mr. Gott, in narrating an event of which he was witness, says of the ordination of July 20, 1629: "Mr. Higgisson with 3 or 4 of ye gravest members of ye church laid their hands," etc. And speaking of the further ordination of August 6, he distinctly says it was to be for the "choyce of elders and deacons & ordaining of them." The author of the present volume under consideration omits (unintentionally we must suppose) from his transcript of a portion of the above-quoted phrase of Mr. Gott's letter the vital words "of ye church"—"3 or 4 of ye gravest members," not of the plantation, but "of ye church." But those words, together with the distinct statement of Gott that the next ordination was to be of "elders and deacons," settle the matter.

In narrating the story of the Synods of New England history—Hutchinsonian, Cambridge, Reforming Saybrook, and other—as well as in recounting the rise and decline of the Half-way Covenant system, the author treads upon ground not apparently personally very familiar; and he reveals a dependence upon recently published volumes dealing with these subjects which might appropriately have been made the occasion of more distinct acknowledgment than a mere mention of such volumes in a general bibliography of works on Congregationalism or its history.

The great subject of the Unitarian Departure is, on the whole, and in its later phases especially, well treated. Its rise, however, is very imperfectly indicated. The preliminary literature leading up to it seems to have but partially fallen under the writer's eye. The plain statement that "in 1803 the first treatise against Trinitarian doctrines written by an American was published in Boston," will surprise one who, not to speak of minor and earlier utterances of dissent from Trinitarian views, remembers the Rev. Clark Brown's very able treatise on "The Character of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," published at Stonington in 1799, a treatise in which most later anti-Trinitarian positions are anticipated and argued.

The omission of all reference to recent denominational struggles in the American Board and in Andover Seminary must, of course, have been both intentional and well-intended. It seems not less a mistake, however, in a history which purports to bring the story of Congregationalism down to date, and which deals so fully with earlier conflicts in the body, to evade all apparent cognizance of matters which for ten years past have been so prominent in public thought, and which in one way and another are destined so profoundly to affect the Congregationalism of the future. A calm and temperate statement of the facts should offend no one, and is due to the requirements of history.

When the volume shall come to a second edition, it would be well to attribute the authorship of "The History of Connecticut" to Dr. Benjamin Trumbull and not to J. Hammond Trumbull; to correct the statement which makes Dr. Bushnell pastor of the "First Church" of Hartford; the slip which puts the eminent Baptist preacher, the Rev. George *Dana* Boardman, into the professorship of Chicago Theological Seminary; and to omit the word which introduces a new element of confusion into Douglas Campbell's much-debated question of the ballot. Whether the written ballot was first used on this side the water in the Salem church election may be a debatable question; but that a "printed" ballot was used there has not been before alleged, and may be doubted in view of the fact that the first press in New England did not begin use till ten years later, in 1639.

[1] *Congregationalists in America: A Popular History of their Origin, Belief, Polity, Growth, and Work.* By the Rev. Albert E. Dunning, D.D. Special chapters by the Rev. Joseph E. Roy, D.D., on Congregational Work and Progress in the West and Northwest; the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., on Congregationalists and the Young People; the Rev. Howard A. Bridgeman, on Congregational Literature; and the Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D., on Ecclesiastical Councils. Introductions by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D., and Major-General Oliver O. Howard, LL.D. J. A. Hill & Co., New York. $2.75.

Laws and Jurisprudence [1]

Mr. Dillon's book opens with Burke's well-known saying: "There are two, and only two, foundations of law—justice and equity." This book ought to find fitting place, not only in every lawyer's, but in every intelligent man's library, for there is no more valuable exposition of this great subject than is presented by these lectures as delivered before Yale University, with their addition of notes in the line of further development. The lectures treat of the origin and growth of our common law, trial by jury, written constitutions, legislation, case-law, judicial precedents, law reports and reforms. Whether read by a technician or a tyro, the book's greatest charm lies in the popular treatment of its subjects. They are not stripped of their appropriate historical appanages either in England or America, and the work is thus doubly welcome to each people as inspiring a patriotic regard for each country's laws. Many interesting accounts of our law in its old home thus come within the book's scope, such as the history and character of that legal university, the four Inns

[1] *The Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America.* By John F. Dillon, LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

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of Court, the well-spring of English, and derivatively of American, law; the status of benches, barristers, and students, also of Queen's Counsel and Serjeants-at-Law; criticisms of the "case system" and of the "text-book system" of instruction; the development of law in Westminster Hall, that venerable structure of William Rufus; and, finally, the new Royal Courts of Justice. Then comes an exposition of the excellences of English law, its rule of legal equality, its summary procedure for petty offenses, the high character of the judges, their permanent tenure and ample salaries, and the trial by jury. This is followed by an account of the way in which the common law of England, through the colonists, became the foundation of American law. The excellences of the system were exactly defined, both historically and legally, when Lincoln described ours as a government "of the people, by the people, for the people."

The duties and responsibilities of the legal profession in the United States are, it is argued, vital, for any nation's strength depends primarily upon the just administration of its laws; but in our land most of all is there a dependence of National life upon National justice. The common law, Judge Dillon says, underlies our whole system of jurisprudence; indeed, the superiority of the common over the civil law, as matured by Rome, is constantly emphasized. Our local courts and governments are the exact opposites of the Continental system, and the author declares that the one purpose in virtue of which his book can make claim to any unity of design is to show that, with all its faults, our legal system is better than any other for our people—an estimate not firmly held by the body of law teachers. In other words, this is a protest against *Continentalization* of our law. Then come criticisms. Our American law is open to the threefold objection of want of certainty, want of publicity, and want of convenience. In proof of the first, the number of judicial reversals is noted; and as a limited remedy for all, limited codification is considered, and the valuable labors of the late David Dudley Field examined. The chapter on the Federal Constitution is a deeply interesting one.

A large portion of the work is taken up with a discussion of the pertinent question: "Is the huge bulk of our case-law remediable?" Throughout the book there is no avoidance of contrasts between England and America. From the land-laws of our mother country, pressing so heavily upon her agricultural classes, we have escaped, as well as from her undue severity of criminal law. On the other hand, the author pleads for a return to the English system of permanent and well-paid judges, and for an annulment of the restrictions which limit our judges in jury trials. By their enactments some of the States forbid a judge to charge upon the facts or to sum up the case on the evidence, and they also compel him to reduce to writing his directions to the jury on points of law. The author ventures an interesting forecast of some changes which international law will witness within the next century. The existing apathy of the public conscience will be aroused, and it will be recognized that an author has, by the highest of all titles (that of creation), a right of property in his own work which treaties and legislation will protect. In view of the increasing intimacy of commercial intercourse among nations, substantial unity in the various departments of mercantile and maritime law will replace present diversity. Finally, Mr. Dillon predicts that the rational practice of settling disputes by arbitration will become general, and that wars, the opprobrium of Christian civilization, will become comparatively infrequent.

A Run Through Russia, by the Rev. William Wilberforce Newton (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford), is the title of only a part of this book, which deals hastily and superficially with the journey from Dresden to St. Petersburg, with the Russian capital, with Moscow and Troitsa. The title is indeed an accurate one. Had Mr. Newton been walking or sauntering through Russia, we should have expected more careful description. The "Run," however, is merely the prelude to the main portion of this volume, which is taken up with the narration of a visit to Count Tolstoï, who at that time was staying with his great friend, Prince Ourouzeff, on the latter's plantation near Troitsa. It is interesting and has the distinct personal touch. Tolstoï "was dressed in a moujik smock-frock with a waist-band as a girdle. He had on a woolen shirt whose collar was broad and ample. The gray hair of his head was long and silvery, and his iron-gray beard and mustache were silk-like and smooth, covering a tender, delicate, and sensitive mouth." The interview closed as follows:

"Do you believe, then," the writer asked, "in the progressive revelation of God to man?" "Certainly I do," was the reply. "If we occupy our minds with nonsense, God will never reveal himself to us. There will be no room for him in our lives. But if we seek to do his will and live truly, it will not be a difficult thing to find God in our lives. The trouble is that too many of us are occupied with our own nonsense, and God can do nothing with a nature which occupies itself with nonsense." "Is there no hope, then," was the next question, "for the Greek Church?" "None whatever," he replied; "though my dear friend, Prince Ourouzeff, would be shocked at my saying so. There is no hope for the Greek Church. It is a corpse; it is dead, and nothing living can ever come from its tomb." "Ah, you must not think thus of all Christianity," the writer said; "come and visit us in America and we will show you a Church life that is not dead." "You are most kind," was the reply, "and on some accounts I should like to go, but I cannot now go to America: more must come from my life, and I must stay just where I am. Man must not dissipate his life by travel. If his life is to be of any value, he must live it out, and I must live my life out here."

Mr. Newton gives us (besides a chapter full of information on Russian national literature, well describing Lomonosof, Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenief, and Dostoyevski), his own opinion of Tolstoï as a novelist and writer:

His stories are mosaics, composed of bits of fact and thought—so arranged and shaded into each other as to form pictures strictly after real life as he has observed it. It was needful that his mind should be plentifully supplied with material for these mosaics, and that each should be at instant command when its place in the picture was ready for it. Something of the value of such collected material to the novelist may be learned from Hawthorne's "Note-books." But Hawthorne's material of this kind was carefully noted down, while Tolstoï, although he had his full note-books, had as well a memory still more abundantly stored. Contrary to what this difference would seem to indicate, Hawthorne idealizes almost everything which he touches; Tolstoï almost nothing. In his novels he shows little imagination beyond what is needful to arrange his material in a consecutive and narrative form. It is his clear, vigorous, vivacious style, with the earnest opinions and quick, deep feelings that inspire it, which gives their indefinable charm to his books. We perceive constantly that what we read is not only realistic, but in the mind of the writer absolutely and intensely real.

As a religious prophet Mr. Newton says of Tolstoï: "The man seemed to be one part Quaker like George Fox, one part like a bit of Emerson, and another part a bit of the fanaticism of John Brown." At the bankers' in Moscow the travelers were asked why they went to Troitsa. "We went to see Count Tolstoï," was the answer. "Count Tolstoï?" cried the clerk in an incredulous tone of voice: "well, have you seen the big bell in the Kremlin—the Tsar Kodokol, or King of Bells?" The reply was in the affirmative. "Well, then, if you have seen the big bell of Moscow and Count Tolstoï," replied the clerk, "you have seen the two objects of interest, and the same thing has happened to each of them—*they are both cracked*." Such was the Russian verdict upon our pious pilgrimage to Troitsa, and there the conversation at the banking-office ceased. The happy thought generally comes too late. When seated in the cars an hour later, the right answer came to this remark. "Yes," should have been the reply, "but in such a God-forsaken, darkened country as Russia one rejoices in the light which comes in even through a crack."

Caligula: Eine Studie über römischen Cäsarenwahnsinn, by L. Quidde (Wilhelm Friedrich, Leipsic; B. Westermann & Co., New York), is by long odds the most successful pamphlet of the day in Germany. It deserves to be noticed and read also in this country, both for its worth as a historical essay and satire and as a proof that the pamphleteers are not all gone; indeed, they are nurtured even in Teutonic and monarchical soil. Caligula, driving from power his trusty Macro, and giving full reign to his own boyish vagaries, is, of course, none other than the ungrateful and impetuous William II. The craving for display, the thirst for felt power, the longing for fame, and the continual assertion of "the divine right" which characterized Caligula's early rule, also (the author intimates) characterize that of the "Reise Kaiser." All statements are verified by abundant references to Tacitus, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Pliny, and Philo. Cleverly drawn is the picture of the Roman Empire provokingly at peace despite its ruler's longing for military glory, to which some slight vent was given by many reviews and much mock parade. The country was further burdened by Caligula's inordinate desire to have all court events celebrated by extravagant and costly feasts, and to have building enterprises undertaken on a hitherto unheard-of scale, such as the famous bridges across the Roman Forum and across the Bay of Naples. All this gratification of immature self-will, combined with bodily disorders, speedily led to the permanent confirmation of idiosyncrasies which in their turn gave place to insanity. The Emperor even appointed his favorite horse as Consul. No longer did "the divine right" answer; the crazy Caligula now believed himself a

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god, and acted accordingly. By their fatuous and undoubting obedience, the people, who were the real sufferers from this travesty, were, after all, the causers of it. One cannot but be at least entertained by the adroitness with which this historical study is fitted into present German grooves, and of course one reads constantly between the lines the question, "Will history repeat itself?" That the circulation of the booklet has not before this been more absolutely prohibited than has been accomplished by tentative confiscations is probably due to a natural disinclination in high quarters to give it such effective advertising.

Mr. Symonds's "History of the Renaissance" is a most valuable work, but its cost and size put it beyond the reach of many readers. The substance of the work has been put into a smaller volume, *A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy*, by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Pearson, taken from the work of John Addington Symonds. It appears from Mrs. Symonds's preface that this condensation was undertaken with the consent of Mr. Symonds himself. As a convenient manual of the art and history of Italy, students and tourists will find this book extremely useful. Colonel Pearson's style is easy and his grasp of the material complete. He has only restated Mr. Symonds's opulent narrative in a brief form. The only fault we have to find is in occasional *lacunæ* and in the abruptness of the ending. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

An anonymous sketch of the late *Bishop Lightfoot* which originally appeared in the "Quarterly Review" has, at the expressed desire of many in England, been republished in a revised and enlarged form through the Macmillans (New York). The article was evidently written by one who had known Dr. Lightfoot intimately, and consequently it possesses much interest. There is an introduction by Dr. Westcott, Lightfoot's successor in the see of Durham, a portrait of Bishop Lightfoot, and an appendix of his expressed opinions on the Historic Episcopate. When Dr. Lightfoot first published his book, "The Threefold Ministry," years ago, he was violently assailed by Broad, High, and Low Churchmen. Now his position then taken has become the prevailing doctrine in the Anglican Church on both sides the water.

If Mr. W. B. Yeats never wrote anything beyond the book of delightful Irish ghost stories before us, his mark would be made. The stories are curious and instructive to the student of folk-lore, and the manner in which they are told possesses a singular charm. It is seldom, in this disillusioned world, that one is found so able to put himself into the mood of the believer in ghosts; we might almost say that the author has an entirely original point of view. "Everything exists; everything is true; and the earth is only a little dust under our feet." Reading these tales of fairies and hobgoblins transports one into the realm of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." We stroll through the pages of *The Celtic Twilight*, *Men and Women*, *Dhouls and Fairies* (Macmillan & Co.), and the spell of Merlin is upon us.

Notwithstanding the Pauline definition of faith, which satisfies many, there are attempts to formulate another definition which may have a form apparently more scientific. This sort of attempt is made by the Rev. James Vila Blake in his new book, *The Anchor of the Soul: A Study of the Nature of Faith*. Mr. Blake is always original, but never more so than in this his definition of Faith: "Faith is the spirit's realization of the nature of things—Faith is the soul's baptism into the universe." If this definition be repellent to any one, we advise him to read Mr. Blake's little book, in which the reasonableness of it is made manifest as a form of mystical Christianized stoicism. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

A little volume of *Aphorisms from the Writings of Herbert Spencer* has been selected and arranged by Julia Raymond Gingell, and published, with a portrait of the great philosopher, by D. Appleton & Co., of this city. It is a most interesting little book for the devotees of Mr. Spencer, and for any one else alive to the thought of the day. The keynote of the collection is struck by the aphorism which has been chosen for the first motto of the book: "We have to deal with Man as a product of evolution, with Society as a product of evolution, and with Moral Phenomena as products of evolution." The selections are wisely chosen, and are full of suggestiveness.

An English Anthology from Chaucer to Tennyson, by Dr. John Bradshaw (Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is the fourth edition of a good book. It differs from "The Golden Treasury," as it includes not only the songs and lyrics of Spenser, Milton, and the rest, but also extracts from their long poems. Each song or extract is placed in its exact chronological position, or as nearly so as possible. Hence it can readily be seen what poems appeared in a certain decade or period, and it certainly is pleasant to know the year in which some favorite piece was written or first published.

Literary Notes

—M. Victorien Sardou has been succeeded as President of the Society of French Dramatists by M. Alexandre Dumas.

—Mr. Charles Ashton, a Welsh constable, is the author of a "Bibliography of Welsh Literature," and is known as the "Literary Policeman."

—It is said that Mr. Quiller-Couch is about to publish a volume of critical essays, and that he is writing a new story of Cornwall, to be entitled "Dozmare," after its heroine, a fisher-girl.

—A slab of Italian alabaster, carved with the Florentine lily and the English rose intertwined, will shortly be placed over the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey. The only inscriptions thereon will be the poet's name and the dates of his birth and death.

—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has the following suggestive lines in the latest number of the "Chap-Book:"

> I little read those poets who have made
> A noble art a pessimistic trade,
> And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse
> Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

—The death of Leconte de Lisle leaves an Academy chair vacant. Here is another chance for M. Zola! Should he succeed, what a *facilis descensus Averno* from Leconte de Lisle's calm, cold Greek classicality to the realism of the gutter as seen in the author of the Rougon-Macquart series!

—It is said that the publication in book form of Mr. Du Maurier's delightful "Trilby" is delayed by the much-offended Mr. Whistler, who threatens the publishers with a lawsuit if they print either the objectionable "Joe Sibley" paragraphs or the still more objectionable portraits of that character.

—A bust of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, the Dante translator, executed by Mr. Croby, has just been presented to the British Museum by the translator's granddaughter, Mrs. Horman. Mr. Cary's special connection with the Museum arises from his having filled the position of Assistant Keeper of Printed Books from 1826 to 1838. In that capacity he had apartments at Montague House, where Charles Lamb was wont to visit him frequently.

—Franz Bonn, who has just died, was one of the most beloved of Bavarian poets. Instead of estranging him from "the great heart of the people," his legal work for the State in various positions and in various places only seemed to bring him in closer touch with his countrymen. In both the "Fliegende Blätter" and the "Münchener Bilderbogen" his verses were constantly appearing, and many were his popular theater-pieces and libretti. Of his epics, "Jacopone" is the best. The latest collections of his shorter efforts are called "Von mir is's" and "Für Herz und Haus."

—On July 13 the Zschokke monument at Aarau, Switzerland, was dedicated. Aarau was the novelist's first residence. His next was at the exquisite little village of Reichenau in the Grisons, at the juncture of the two branches of the Rhine. Here he kept a boys' school and wrote his "History of the Swiss Cantons." Later he returned to Aarau and the Aargau, and began his career as a novelist, his best-known romances perhaps being "Der Flüchtling im Jura," "Adderich im Moos," and "Der Freihof von Aarau." Yet of all his forty published volumes the most popular and prized will ever be his superbly religious "Stunden der Andacht." Heinrich Zschokke died in 1848. The monument is the work of M. Alfred Lanz, of Paris.

—Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. A correspondent describes him as follows:

> I encountered him one day beating eastward against a half gale, his cloud of white hair tossing about his head and flapping up against his big-brimmed soft black hat, his cheeks rosy with the winter wind, and his kind eyes dancing with the delight he takes in his favorite walking exercise. It was hard to believe that he was in his eighty-fifth year. I told him how I had come across a book in which it was said that he loves to play the rôle of a peripatetic philosopher. How he laughed! "Do they say that of me? Ho! ho! ho!" And then he trolled a "Hi-ti-rumpty-tum," snatching an air, as his habit is, from some half-forgotten song, winding up with a mutter of Greek, looking the while as if he were a prophet apostrophizing the gods. "Don't mind the confusion of tongues," he added. "Greek, Latin, Gaelic, English—it's all the same to me. I borrow the phrase that comes readiest for the thought. But the Greek is the great language." He has been in love with Greek for more than sixty years; he taught it during half that time; he knows it as well as he knows English; he reads Greek newspapers, he has the best Greek library in the Kingdom, and I dare say he dreams in Greek. He had been extolling the master tongue and all things Greek with so much zeal that I said: "You talk as if in spirit you were more a Greek than a Scotchman." "Not that"—he half sang the words—"Oh! bonny Scotland for me. A man should stick to the land where God put him."

[For list of Books Received see page 321]

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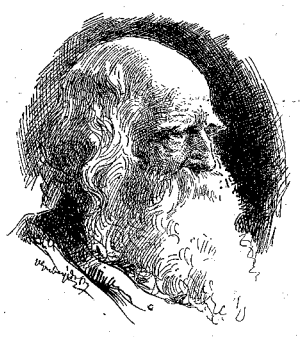
The Bryant Centennial

By Clifton Johnson



William Cullen Bryant

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cummington, a hill town of western Massachusetts, in the year 1794. November 3 was his birthday, but by that time the New England hills are bare of leafage, the fields withered by early frosts, and all the heights swept by the keen winds of approaching winter. It is not a season suited to large gatherings. For this reason it seemed best that a summer day should be appointed instead of the November one for the centennial celebration, and August 16 was the day chosen.

Bryant's Cummington home lies far up the eastern slope of a great hill. It is nearly a three miles' climb of crooked, "thank-you-marmed" road to it from the village in the hollow where the church is. The way is half wooded and lonely, but on the morning of August 16, 1894, it was black with the upward toiling of more teams than perhaps will pass that way in all the hundred years to come before there is another Bryant centennial. People came in all sorts of ways. Market-wagons and buggies were the common vehicles of the farm folk, though shiny-top carriages and gay-colored buckboards were not lacking. But the more spick-and-span vehicles were generally from summer boarding-places, or from the towns and cities of the Connecticut Valley, and they often brought people from far-distant States, who were attracted by the importance of the occasion. Bicyclers came by the score, and people who had no other way of getting to the spot were willing to tramp long distances to it on foot.

All along the roadways for a half-mile circuit about the Bryant house were the teams of the visitors hitched to trees and to gateways in the stone walls. Other teams had driven into fields and tied up to trees and bushes there.

The weather was, to most minds, ideal. The sun was bright, but not too hot; only a few lazy clouds sailed the sky, and the air was fresh and invigorating, and crystal clear. The distant hills we looked on that lay eastward across the wide wooded valley had all the greenness and sharp definition of the fields about. Near and far the earth was all a-glitter with warm sunlight, and every shadow had a blotty denseness.

The place of meeting was a grove of young maples a short walk up the road from the Bryant homestead. This grove had several advantages. The ground there formed a natural amphitheater, and it was near enough to the house so that the audience could adjourn to shelter in case of rain. Besides, it was not improbable that the young Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in that grove.

A wide platform had been built in this wood, elevated two or three feet above the earth, and in a three-quarters circle about were many lines of board benches. The platform itself was set full of chairs and settees reserved for invited guests, except for a space at the front where were a small organ and a table on which a grocer's box was propped bottom upwards in a position to serve for the speaker's desk. Just back of this, well up on a tree-trunk, hung a lithograph portrait of the poet decked with flowers. Beneath this portrait sat the group of men who were to make the addresses of the day.

In an orchard below the grove were many long, white-spreaded tables, and at one side was a stove with its pipe thrust up among the tree branches, and on it some great boilers of coffee were steaming. At noon the invited guests had dinner served at the tables. The uninvited, for the most part, brought their own lunches, and when dinner-time came they scattered far and wide about the near fields, wherever there was a patch of shade, and in little family groups had a basket picnic.

Ten o'clock was the appointed time for the exercises to begin, but it was half-past ten when the meeting was called to order. Estimates of the number of people present varied from three to five thousand—a remarkable gathering when one considers that the population of the whole township was only eight hundred. The platform was crowded, every backless board bench of the surrounding amphitheater was filled, and a fringe of people gathered and stood among the gray tree-trunks beyond the seats. It was only the core of the assembly that was able to hear everything that was said, for the open air diffuses the voice anywhere, and here there were the wind and the rustling of the leaves besides. Nor was this all; when the outlying people thought they could not hear the speaker, neighbor would remark to neighbor something in this tenor, "He ain't got a mite of any voice," and then they would begin to do some low-toned visiting. Among the listeners were many patriarchs who had passed threescore years and ten, but these were very much outnumbered by the babies who had come along with the rest of the family. Not many of the babies were in the audience, but, from the sound, one would conclude there were several hundreds of them holding a convention somewhere in the neighborhood.

But, above all this in the main unavoidable or thoughtless background murmur, the favored ones heard the thoughtful and often inspiring words of the distinguished band of speakers who had gathered to do Bryant honor. Some voices were resonant and penetrating enough to be heard by all, and when they were not, the audience, as a whole, was patient. There was immense curiosity to know who was who among the group of famous men on the front of the platform, and a good deal of questioning and guessing was done.

Parke Godwin, Bryant's son-in-law, presided. He paid the poet a warm and eloquent tribute in his opening remarks, and he was very apt in his introductions of the speakers that followed. The concentrated vigor of Mr. Godwin's features and the uncommon bushiness of his white beard and hair made him a conspicuous figure among the others on the stage.

Music was furnished by a chorus accompanied by an organ, a bass-viol, violin, and clarionet, and all led by an energetic young woman of the town. The most interesting musical feature of the day, however, was the singing of John W. Hutchinson, the only living member of the famous Hutchinson family which did notable work all through the North before the war in their songs for freedom.

"They wa'n't like the singers we have nowadays," said an old lady behind me. "They were natural singers."

Mr. Hutchinson's long gray beard and white hair that fell down about his shoulders made him a picturesque figure and proclaimed his age, yet he was full of vigor, and his old-fashioned songs had a feeling and simplicity about them that touched his hearers and roused their enthusiasm.

The chief address of the day was made by Edwin R. Brown, a Cummington boy, who now lives in the West. What he said was excellent in its thought, and was both seriously suggestive and entertaining.

Probably the man of all others on the platform in whom interest centered was John Howard Bryant, the poet's only living brother. He had reached the age of eighty-seven, yet his figure was still upright, and his voice was strong and sonorous, and he showed an enthusiasm in the exercises that was remarkably youthful. He read two musical and thoughtful poems of his own composition, one of which was written within a few weeks.

Another guest whom the audience seemed to regard with much affection was Julia Ward Howe. She read an original poem, and her "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" was sung as a solo, in which all the company present joined in the chorus.

Among the afternoon addresses was one by John Bigelow, whose face and gray hair and tall, broad-shouldered figure reminded one of George William Curtis; one by Charles Dudley Warner, full of the charm of mingled sense and humor; one by the poet-preacher John White Chadwick, which was a particularly fine characterization of Bryant's genius, and the only address with this theme of the day that was delicately appreciative and at the same time judicial; one by Charles Eliot Norton that was felicitous and delightful, as what he says always is; and one by President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, which was an energetic plea for science, and showed the close relations of science to both poetry and religion.

It was nearly five o'clock when the last speech had been made and the last song had been sung. The crowd on the benches had already thinned; for some had to make long drives to the railroad towns in the valley, and some had heard enough, and some were farmers who must get home to milk the cows and attend to the other evening work. Now the others dispersed, too, and one of the most notable gatherings these hills have ever known was brought to an end.

No fear of failure in making bread and cake if you use
Cleveland's Baking Powder
It always makes light, wholesome food.
"Pure" and "Sure."

Correspondence

Lynching from a Southern Standpoint [1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook is usually so fair in its discussion of all questions, so judicial in its expressions of opinion, and generally so judicious in the selection of its matter, that I was surprised to find published without comment, in its issue of June 23, an article entitled "Our Nation's Shame," from the pen of the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

As one who has lived in the South for half a century, in daily contact and intercourse with both races, which are now, and for years have been, living together in the most amicable relations with each other except when these relations have been temporarily or locally disturbed by the officious intermeddling of outsiders incapable of understanding either the character of the negro or that of the people with whom they were reared, and among whom they still prefer to live, I assert that no such inhumanity

[1] See editorial comment.

A Beautiful Baby

Was our boy, plump and healthy, but sores broke out on his neck and his eyes were affected so that he could not see for a number of weeks. For two years he suffered terribly, and, seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised, we concluded to try a bottle. After the first bottle was gone he began to feel better. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, and in a few months his neck became entirely clear from the sore, and we also noticed that his eyes were much better. We have used nearly twelve bottles of this medicine and the child is now six years old and is the healthiest one in the family." MRS. LEY, 432 East 15th St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, and effective.

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as is alleged in that article is practiced, and demand that Dr. Bradford produce some well-authenticated case of "inhuman treatment received by colored people *solely on account of their race*" in any of the former slave-holding States, or else withdraw his charges and at once cease to slander the Nation by the publication of vague and general accusations. Moreover, I defy him to produce the instances in which "women and children" have been lynched, either "on account of their race" or for any other reason. I am a tolerably close reader of the newspapers, and my memory fails to furnish a single instance in which a woman or a child was the victim of lynching, and furnishes but one in which any colored woman, within the period named by him, was killed by a mob, while it recalls a number of instances in which men have been the victims in many parts of the country. Yet he says "one hundred and fifty-nine cases of colored men *and women and children* being lynched were *reported* in 1893." Having been so diligent in obtaining the exact statistics, it is unfortunate he did not pursue his investigations further, so that he could have told us exactly how many were men, how many were women, and how many children, and the crime of which each was accused.

It is, however, unfortunately true that lynchings do occur in the South, and that the victims are generally colored; not "women and children," but men: negro brutes, fiends in human shape, who have committed an unspeakable crime upon the person of some unprotected woman or tender child (a crime almost unknown here until a very recent period, showing that its existence is not due to the besotting influences of slavery, but that its perpetrators are those who have grown up under the civilizing, enlightening, and refining influences of freedom and free schools), and upon these the outraged sense of the community pronounces sentence of instant death. Humanity to the victims demands this punishment, and the men of the South hold that it is far more inhuman and barbarous to require a delicate, refined woman or a modest, shrinking girl to be placed on the rack of the witness-stand to testify, before a jury of men, to the revolting details of such a crime, in the presence, perhaps, of a gaping crowd filled with vulgar curiosity, and be subjected to the inquisition of an impudent and sometimes insulting cross-examination by counsel, than it is to visit upon the beastly offender, when identified, the penalty due to his crime without awaiting the slow processes of the law which he has clearly violated. They will not permit the innocent to be tortured in order to mete out punishment to the guilty. If brutes, white or black, commit such atrocious assaults on Southern women, lynching will be the punishment so long as hemp can be converted into rope and acorns grow oaks. This is the fixed and unalterable determination of the people, and is sustained by public sentiment in communities pre-eminently law-abiding and conservative—conservative even in their violation of law, for while in other communities lynching is resorted to for almost any offense, from criminal assault to the absent-mindedness which forgets to lock a railroad switch and so occasions an accident, the people of the South discriminate, and nine out of every ten lynchings are for this heinous and horrible crime.

"When it has come to this," as Bishop Thompson, of Mississippi, recently said to the people of New York, "that a six-year old girl can't go from her home to the nearest neighbor's house, what can we do but lynch for so great a crime?"

We regret the necessity which is upon us to choose between inhumanity to the innocent victim and inhumanity to the brutal criminal (if to anticipate the sentence of the law, in such cases, be inhumanity), but when that choice is forced upon us, few hesitate.

Our sympathies are with the innocent victim, whom we seek to protect from further outrage; the sympathies of the reverend gentleman, the aliens who adopt resolutions, and the natives who read us lectures on our barbarity and are so greatly concerned and shocked at their own involuntary participation in it, are with the guilty criminal, and ignore the enormity of the offense.

If they really desire to banish lynch-law, they should direct all the power of their persuasive eloquence to the prevention of the crime; when this is no longer committed, lynchings will cease, for while they occasionally, though rarely, occur for other crimes, such lynchings are not sustained by public sentiment, and are but a symptom of the disregard of law engendered by its violation; and when this crime ceases to be committed, every law-abiding citizen and Christian man and woman in the South will cordially co-operate with those who are now opposing it to secure its entire extirpation.

As to the charge brought against the Southern Churches, that "common justice has not been done our colored brethren" because of "the isolation of colored Christians in colored conferences" and colored churches, it is sufficient to say that the organization of separate churches was the voluntary act of "our colored brethren," heartily concurred in by the whites, ninety-nine out of every hundred intelligent Christian men, white or colored, regarding such separation as "essential alike to the religious and social welfare of both races," and none desiring mixed churches except some fanatical negrophilists from abroad and a few negroes having more impudence than intelligence and more self-assertion than Christianity; and I simply point to Dr. Bradford's criticism of the attitude of the Southern Churches in this matter as an instance in which he has apparently forgotten to heed the warning uttered by Peter in regard to "other men's matters."

As to the social discriminations the consenting to which appears to Dr. Bradford "an awful scandal and shame which rests upon our American Christianity," I have no comment to make, except that such things are, in some sort, matters of taste, and I accord to Dr. Bradford, as he should accord to me, the right to select congenial associates.

A. R. MICON.

East Richmond, Va.

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Another Home for Crippled Children

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The appeal for a piano for the Home for Crippled Children in Englewood which appeared in The Outlook is worthy of speedy response [a response which we are glad to be able to say it has promptly received.—THE EDITORS], but is erroneous in stating that there is no similar institution in or near New York. There is such a Home in Brooklyn, with a wonderful history which tells how a warm-hearted old lady without means came to Brooklyn, a stranger, and how she found friends and started a Home for destitute crippled children. The founder is an Episcopal deaconess, whom her friends know only as Sister Sarah. The object is to give the children a Christian home, surgical treatment, good schooling, and some training which will enable them in the future to support themselves and become independent of charitable institutions. Sister Sarah took in '91 a small house in Degraw Street and started with three cripples. There was little money, and she had to do most of the work. The number of seekers for this haven of rest increased soon, and in May, 1892, a larger house was secured in State Street. The Home, which is called the Home of St. Giles the Cripple, won more and more friends. The ladies formed a Guild and did all in their power to provide the children with all the necessities, not only of life, but of their different needs in their deformities, while prominent physicians and surgeons volunteered their aid and skill. The Home had then twenty-seven inmates, and, although many applications, no more room. The Trustees then resolved to buy a suitable house, and they found one at 419 Clinton Street. The Home was moved into this new place in May, 1893. But this move meant increased expenses in help, coal, gas, in fact in everything, besides the big mortgage which had to be kept on the building. All this meant renewed efforts on the part of the ladies of the Guild and the public. And how well they succeeded! Not only did the children, thirty-nine in number, have all their wants supplied, but $2,000 was paid off the mortgage during the first year, $1,000 of which was raised by a Fair.

Sister Sarah, who is seventy years old, is a wonderful worker. She rises at five in the morning and is on her feet nearly all day, although she had an able assistant, a Miss Coleman, an English lady, who volunteered her services. She is for this summer with Sister Sarah in England, for a much-needed rest.

Many of the children have been discharged as cured, especially cases of infantine paralysis; others have been greatly relieved. The death-rate has been very low, and the state of health is excellent. There has not been one case of contagious disease in the Home since 1891, which seems remarkable, considering the weakened state of the crippled little bodies and the terrible places from which most of the poor little ones come.

The boys are taught at present chair-caning, but other industries will be added soon; the girls are taught sewing and dressmaking. There is one resident governess in the house, who has a regular school, where all who are able and old enough attend. The fifteen or more helpless infants have able nurses. Some ladies come and give drawing and music lessons. One fact ought to be mentioned—that is, the religious training. Although the books and pamphlets assure every reader that the Home is non-sectarian, and though no distinction as to creed is made in taking patients, the religious training is in the Episcopal rites. The children attend St. Paul's Church, next door to the Home. The visiting chaplain is an Episcopal minister, and the chapel was consecrated by Bishop Littlejohn.

SELMA JACKSON.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Huxley, Thomas H. Discourses Biological and Geological.

Raimond, C. E. George Mandeville's Husband. $1.

Butler, William Allen. Mrs. Limber's Raffle. 75 cts.

De Méneval, Baron Claude-François. Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I. From 1802 to 1815. Vol. III. Edited by Baron Napoleon Joseph de Méneval. $2.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Prince, John T. Arithmetic by Grades. Books I. to VIII. 25 cts. each.

Prince, John T., Ph.D. Teachers' Manual for Teachers using Arithmetic by Grades. 00 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Müller, F. Max, K.M. Three Lectures on the Vedânta Philosophy. $1.75.

Kendall, May. Songs from Dreamland. $1.75.

Gray, Rev. Herbert Branston, D.D. "Men of Like Passions," being Characters of Some Bible Heroes, and other Sermons. $1.75.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Crockett, S. R. Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills. $1.25.

PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA

Alger, Horatio, Jr. Only an Irish Boy.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Smith, Mrs. Hannah Whitall. The Science of Motherhood. 35 cts.

Gladden, Washington. The Church and the Kingdom. 50 cts.

Meyer, F. B., B.A. The Bells of Is. 75 cts.

R. H. WOODWARD & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Morton, Mrs. G. E. Talks to Children about Jesus. $1.

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Bits of Fun

Even the most successful attempt to bear the wheat market must go against the grain.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The difference between meddling and investigation is that you always investigate, while it is the other person who meddles.—*Fourth Estate.*

"My wife is putting up some brandied peaches," remarked Mr. Quit Man. "I don't care much for the peaches, but I like the spirit in which she works."—*Quitman Free Press.*

"We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—*Pearson's.*

Office-Boy—Dere's two men out dere wants to see yer; one of 'em's a poet and t'other 'n's a deef man. Editor—Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor.—*Puck.*

Wife—I mended the hole in your waistcoat pocket last night after you had gone to bed. I am a careful little woman, am I not? Husband—Yes, but how did you know there was a hole in my waistcoat pocket?—*Journal de Douai.*

We never knew of but one case in which advertising did not pay. It occurred in Chicago. A burglar overlooked eighty dollars in a bureau drawer, and the paper so announced. He returned the next night, and not only secured it, but a suit of clothes besides.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Foiled for Once.—"How many things did the woman next door borrow to-day?" asked Mr. Figg. "Only the telephone," answered Mrs. Figg. "It was the first time she had ever used one, and I don't think I ever saw a woman more disappointed." "Couldn't she use it?" "Oh, yes; she learned how to use it quickly enough, but what broke her heart was that it was fast to the wall. She had thought she could take it home with her to keep till we called for it."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

It was the Duchess of Gordon, a clever and beautiful Scotchwoman, who successfully dumfounded a pretentious dandy. He was beside her at a supper-party, and, in order to gain her good graces, affected a liking for the Scottish tongue, declaring there was not a Scottish phrase he did not understand. "Rax me a sprawl o' that hubbly-jock," replied the Duchess, without changing a muscle of her face. The exquisite looked appalled, and then slunk away in confusion, while the commission was performed by a cavalier hailing from the north of the Tweed. She wanted a turkey wing.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Speaking Watch

To the ingenuity of inventors there is hardly any limit. It would, however, be a mistake to say that all inventions, whether in the bud or in blossom, are as desirable, practically speaking, as they may be ingenious in conception. We read, for instance, that a watchmaker of Geneva proposes to make a chronometer which will speak, instead of ringing the time, when the button is pressed. He has devoted a great deal of patient study to his invention, the speaking process being produced by means of a small revolving phonographic plate in which presses a small piece of steel. The vibrations resulting give rise to words denoting the exact time. On the perfection of inventions of this class—that is to say, of what may be called the curious rather than the useful order—much time and study are spent without, it appears to us, much compensating advantage. A speaking chronometer would certainly be a curiosity in its line, but nothing more, since all most people want to know is the exact time, and whether they are apprised of the hour by ringing or by words matters little. The Geneva watchmaker is said to have grown wasted and worn in the pursuit of his hobby—the production of a perfect-speaking timepiece, which he has not yet succeeded in making.—*London Standard.*

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See Forum *of July, page 30.*

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New Series of The Christian Union

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About People

—Miss Helen Peel, a granddaughter of the great statesman, has emulated Mrs. Peary's achievements by taking an Arctic voyage from England to the Kara Sea.

—Dr. Mendenhall, late Director of the United States Coast Survey, has been appointed President of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

—People may have wondered what the "Q" in Secretary Gresham's name stands for. It is for "Quintin." He and Mr. Herbert are the only two soldiers in the present Cabinet. They happened to be on opposite sides, however.

—It is reported that Governor Northen, of Georgia, who, as is well known, was formerly a school principal, will not assume charge of a Southern university after the close of his present term of office, but will devote his time to the work of attracting immigration to Georgia.

—Mr. Barrett Browning, the son of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has been establishing a lace factory and school at Asolo, Italy, thus fulfilling some of his father's dreams that the place might again become a busy center of industry.

—Professor Zeller, of the University of Berlin, is now an octogenarian. At the close of the summer semester, the eminent historian of philosophy will sever his connection with the University and go to Stuttgart to pass the remainder of his days in the home of his son, Dr. Zeller, a physician in the Swabian capital.

—It is said that the fame of Mr. Richard Harding Davis dates from the day when, mistaken by a "bunco-steerer" for a confiding Britisher, he held the man and had him arrested. It is needless to say that he immediately wrote the account of it for his paper, for at that time he was a reporter on the New York "Sun."

—M. Jean Volders, the leader of Socialism in Belgium, has been stricken with cerebral paralysis, and there is no hope of his recovery. M. Volders, who is a physical giant, strongly resembling Congressman Reed, has been, like the Maine Representative, a peculiarly pungent and entertaining if not always impressive orator.

—Major William H. Upham, whom the Wisconsin Republicans have nominated as their candidate for Governor, served through the war with distinction, and on his release from Libby Prison was appointed as cadet by President Lincoln, and was thereafter graduated from West Point. After some years of service in the regular army, he resigned and entered into manufacturing in Wisconsin.

—It may be a surprise to know that the late Dr. James Strong, Professor Emeritus of Exegetical Theology at Drew Seminary, was, in his earlier days, a railway pioneer. He it was who projected and built the Flushing road, now merged into the Long Island system. He was the road's first President. Though the recipient of many degrees which recognized his eminent scholarship in exegetics, Dr. Strong never became a clergyman.

—The ceremonies at Copenhagen on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Crown Prince and Princess have assumed the character of a national festival. The personality and eloquence, yet the innate simplicity, of the Crown Prince have greatly endeared him to his future subjects, and he bids fair to become as popular a king as Christian IX. The Crown Princess Louise is the only daughter of the late Charles XV., King of Sweden and Norway, and brother of the reigning Oscar II.

—At the last graduation ceremony of the University of Glasgow, the degrees of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery were, for the first time in the history of any Scotch university, conferred on two women graduates, Miss Gilchrist and Miss Cumming. Each has studied seven years in Queen Margaret College, now the Women's Department of the University of Glasgow. Three of these years were spent in the School of Arts, and four in the School of Medicine. The clinical work was taken in the Royal Infirmary and in the Glasgow Children's Hospital.

—An amusing circumstance has just occurred in North Italy, when, at the gates of Turin, her Royal Highness, the widow of the late Duke of Aosta, not only appeared riding a bicycle in from her country-seat, but actually attired in "bloomers." The sentinels were, quite naturally, too overwhelmed with astonishment to do the proper saluting. The Duchess, who, as "Plon-Plon's" daughter, has no mean amount of Napoleonic spirit, was much offended, and immediately complained of the slight. The affair eventually was brought before the notice of the War Minister, who referred it to the King. Humbert I. declared at once that no Princess of his house should be recognized in such garb, and, instead of censuring the sentinels, exiled his athletic sister-in-law for two months from court.

—The "Critic" thus corrects the London "Chronicle:" "The 'Chronicle' predicts that Mr. de Kay (whose nomination by President Cleveland to the Consul-Generalship at Berlin was last week confirmed by the Senate) 'will find himself a strange bird in the official flock which America now maintains in the Old World.' 'It is pleasant,' says the writer, after alluding to Mr. Piatt's removal from the Dublin Consulship, 'to recall the old days when the Republic' sent Hawthorne to Liverpool and Howells to Venice. The 'Chronicle's' list is hardly exhaustive. It omits Bancroft, Minister to England and afterwards to Germany; Motley, Minister to Austria and afterwards to England; Washington Irving, Minister to Spain; Bayard Taylor, Minister to Germany; John Bigelow, Minister to France; James Russell Lowell, Minister to Spain and afterwards to England; S. G. W. Benjamin, Minister to Persia; F. H. Underwood, Consul at Leith; Bret Harte, Consul at Crefeld; Albert Rhodes, Consul at Rouen; and E. S. Nadal, Assistant Secretary of Legation at London. Authors, also, are General Wallace and Oscar S. Straus, and an author was the late S. S. Cox, each of whom held the Ministry to Turkey; while Allibone gives the titles of various books written by Judge J. B. Stallo, late Minister to Italy; and if his predecessor, Mr. Astor, is not an author, what is he?"

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The Business World

The Burlington Dividend

Following the example recently set by the New York Central Railroad, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy road announced last week its regular quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent.; this in face of the fact that in the first six months of the current year the company earned but about half a million dollars over expenses and fixed charges. The two dividends amount to over two millions. Views vary as to such an action—one that it is the reverse of conservative, not to say honest, management, the other that "the end justifies the means." That Wall Street operators incline to the latter belief is seen in a rise of three points to 76 on the announcement of the regular dividend, and of six points for the week. Even if these immediate results be good—and it does not always work that way—the eventual result of such a policy may prove a boomerang.

The Sugar Trust

The Sugar Trust was formed in 1887 to control the entire supply of raw sugar, to economize its manufacture, and to command the market. The Trust's capital was $50,000,000, half being in preferred and half in common stock. The plants owned by the several members, says an article in "Harper's Weekly," were valued at 35 per cent. of the entire capital. Stock was issued, and its price varied from 50 to 125. Two years ago, in consequence of important accessions, the company's capital was raised to $75,000,000. The Trust has now absorbed nearly all the sugar refineries in the country, and its business is enormously lucrative. To this result legislation appears to have materially contributed, for Congressman Harter declares that the duty of half a cent a pound upon sugars above No. 16 Dutch Standard has enriched the Sugar Trust and other refiners by $40,000,000 during the past three years.

Wall Street

The effects of last week's completed tariff legislation in Congress, of the spurt given to the Granger roads by the Burlington's action, and by the bettered crop subsequent upon the rains, are apparent in advances in various railway and industrial stocks of from one to seven points. The money market, however, remains about the same. Call money is still at 1 per cent., but time loans are now at 1½ per cent. for thirty days, to 3 per cent. for four months. The supply of mercantile paper is increasing. The rates are 3 per cent. for sixty to ninety day indorsed bills to 4 per cent. for the very best four to six months' single names. The foreign market is now feeling some effect from the Korean war, and silver has advanced slightly. No gold went to Europe last week. The New York City bank statement shows another gratifying advance in loans. Cash resources are increased by an equal amount, while deposits have been augmented by nearly four million dollars. The difference between loans and deposits is the greatest on record. During the past year loans have been increased by eighty millions, but deposits by nearly two hundred and fifteen millions. The reserve held by the banks in excess of legal requirements is slightly increased, and now stands at $67,800,000.

Railway Gross Earnings in July

The strike at Chicago, beginning at the end of June and continuing during the first fortnight of July, interrupted railway traffic in unprecedented manner. Nor was the evil confined to the "Windy City." Many roads running East and South, and nearly all the Western roads, were tied up, and the Pacific slope was terrorized almost as much as was the southern shore of Lake Michigan. As illustrating the blockade, the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" notes that a dispatch from St. Paul, dated July 17, stated that the first Northern Pacific train from the coast for eighteen days had just arrived. The Outlook has already referred to the fact that during the strike the tonnage eastbound from Chicago sank to one-tenth of its normal amount. It is not surprising, then, that railway gross earnings for July are one-fifth less than for July last year. The largest loss was sustained by the Atchison system, followed by the Northern Pacific, St. Paul, New York Central, Illinois Central, Rock Island, Wabash, Canadian Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, Grand Trunk, and Louisville and Nashville Railways.

Government Cotton Report

From the Secretary of Agriculture we have the gratifying official report that the average condition of the growing crop of cotton is 91.8—two points higher than a month ago, and eleven higher than a year ago. Indeed, not since 1887 has the condition been as encouraging, and the crop may largely exceed the demand. The averages of condition by States are: Georgia and Texas, 85; Florida and Oklahoma, 93; Tennessee and Alabama, 94; the Carolinas, 95; Virginia, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, 96; and Mississippi, 97. The greatest improvement in last month's condition occurred in Tennessee, the greatest decline in Texas. During the past three years we have supplied four-fifths of the world's consumption. With the exception of the enormous exports following the crops of 1890–91 and the succeeding year, our cotton exports for the past twelvemonth, over two and a half billion pounds, were the largest in our history. However, the average price obtained in 1893–4 was only 7.9 cents a pound compared with 8.5 cents in 1892–3, and 8.8 cents in the year before that. These rates are all lower than those which ruled in the years previous, when cotton never sold below 9.5 cents. In 1870 its price was 23.5 cents currency, and in 1866 30 cents. There is some difference between this figure and 6.9 cents, the present average August price in New York for middling uplands. It is a satisfaction to learn that, while for some years the overland movement (the direct shipments to manufacturers in the North) has been about one-eighth of the whole crop, the Southern consumption has now doubled itself. As we go to press, the cotton operatives in Massachusetts have begun their strike, the wages paid to spinners and weavers having been cut from two to ten per cent. At New Bedford all of the mills have shut down, and thirteen thousand operators are idle. At Fall River many mills are closed and the production of others curtailed. The quarterly dividends paid to stockholders in the Fall River mills did not average 1¼ per cent. in the last three months. Seven corporations have passed dividends altogether, and more than seven have paid dividends from surplus accounts. The invested capital at Fall River is about forty millions, but the percentage of earnings for the last year has been only 1.24 per cent. The operatives have conducted themselves quietly, and there has been no disturbance of the peace.

More About Atchison

To fill the vacancy in the Board of Receivers of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, caused by the resignation of President Reinhart, Mr. Aldace F. Walker has been selected. Mr. Walker has had many important railway positions, among others those of Commissioner of Inter-State Commerce and Chairman of the Western Traffic Association. It is to be hoped that the Atchison system will now be induced to keep greater faith, not only with the Government, by observing the Inter-State law, but also with the innocent folk who have confidingly bought its stocks and bonds. These buyers are not all of the widow-and-orphan variety. Some years since, when Atchison was paying dividends and selling around par, a Boston business man invested his savings therein. Though it declined when the dividends stopped in 1888, his confidence in both the property and the directors was absolute, and he refused to sell. But the stock went ever lower, and the man became at last justly terrified, as he saw the sacrifice ever greater. This month Atchison stock has been selling all the way from 3 to 7, and this stockholder's condition can be imagined. Why should not such losses from "lambs," and from cleverer investors, too, be avoided, if railway directors did their duty? Only one of the Atchison directors has seen fit to publicly protest innocence of irregularity, and he defends himself on the ground of ignorance; he knew enough, however, to be employed by the company in an important and responsible official capacity. But this road is not the only offender. The Philadelphia and Reading gave almost as glaring an example last year, when, within twenty days of its going into receivers' hands, several millions were paid out on income bonds. Yet afterwards, in the courts, the directors testified that they had not been aware of the President's operations, and seemed to be surprised that they should be. Now, if such jugglery is so great that any director does not comprehend it, then that director should promptly resign. Morally, as well as legally, he is a stockholders' representative. If we have described the Atchison situation as largely due to the fault of those stockholders in not insisting on a clear and easily understood auditing of accounts, how can they be blamed too much when statements are habitually so "doctored" as to deceive directors themselves? Let the investors, nevertheless, at last demand their rights—namely, that a periodic examination of railway accounts, by a commission of independent experts, be at once instituted; and let us petition Congress to pass a law compelling this examination.

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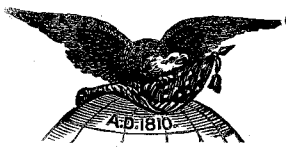

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The Tariff Changes

We take from the New York "Tribune" the following summary of the principal reductions of duty made by the new tariff bill. The table shows the old and new rates of duty (reduced, for the sake of uniformity, to an *ad valorem* basis) and the percentage of reduction. There are very few articles of importance on which there has been an increase in the duty. Alcoholic compounds (McKinley tariff, 163 43 per cent.; Senate bill tariff, 188.43; increase, 15.29), and cabinet woods (McKinley tariff, 15 per cent.; Senate bill, 25; increase, 65.66) are the most noteworthy. The chief items of the new free list are mentioned in our editorial columns.

	McKinley.	Senate.	Per cent. of reduction by Senate Bill over McKinley Law.
Camphor, refined	12.20	10.00	18.03
Sumac, ext. of	23.24	10.00	56.97
Epsom salts	38.34	25.51	33.46
Castor oil	100.35	43.87	56.28
Cod-liver oil	28.65	20.00	30.19
Opium, prepared for smoking	169.65	84.82	50.00
Chromium colors	30.84	20.56	33.33
Ochre	19.64	16.37	16.66
Sienna	21.14	17.62	16.66
Umber	25.80	21.50	16.66
Spirits, varnishes	69.56	59.56	14.38
All other varnishes	35.00	25.00	28.57
Whiting, dry	142.48	71.24	50.00
Ground in oil (putty)	189.50	94.75	50.00
White lead	59.21	29.60	50.00
Nitrate of potash	21.32	10.66	50.00
Bicarbonate of soda	60.47	30.24	50.00
Bichromate of soda	50.00	25.00	50.00
Strychnia or strychnine	93.79	70.34	25.00
Sulphur, sublimed	28.60	20.00	20.22
Sumac, ground	19.81	10.00	49.52
China, painted, etc	60.00	35.00	41.67
China, plain	55.00	30.00	45.45
Bottles, empty	70.17	52.63	25.00
Bottles, filled	71.48	53.61	25.00
Demijohns, empty	37.91	28.43	25.00
Manufactures of glass	60.00	35.00	41.67
Cylinder glass, polished, unsilvered	20 to 64	13 to 48	25 to 38
Plate glass, unsilvered, cast, etc	98 to 174	88 to 122	10 to 30
Plate glass, fluted, etc	49 to 64	37 to 43	25 to 33
Plate glass, cast, silvered, above 24x60	49.30	31.28	36.61
Cylinder and crown glass, silvered	43.88	27.79	36.67
Spectacle lenses	60.00	35.00	41.67
Stained or painted window glass	45.00	35.00	22.22
Roofing slate	25.00	20.00	20.00
Iron ore	42.77	22.77	46.67
Iron in pigs, etc	26 to 41	15 to 21	40.47
Scrap iron	47.83	28.47	40.48
Scrap steel	43.00	25.59	40.49
Bar iron	25 to 53	16 to 32	25 to 40
Bars of rolled iron	61.77	44.93	27.25
Boiler or other plate, iron or steel	54.00	25.00	53.70
Rails of steel	58.24	33.99	24.47
Sheets of iron or steel, common or black	25 to 70	20 to 55	21 to 30
Tin plates	78.44	42.32	46.05
Tin, manufactures of	55.00	35.00	36.36
Steel ingots, etc	29 to 50	20 to 40	20 to 35
Wire rods	34.00	22.67	33.33
Cast-iron vessels, etc	26.07	17.98	33.33
Malleable iron castings	31.83	16.37	48.57
Hollow-ware	35.33	23.55	33.34
Chains	47.28	30.00	36.55
Firearms	41 to 80	30.00	27 to 62
Nails	23 to 46	25 to 30	4 to 46
Railway fish-plates	72.18	25.00	65.36
Hand, back, and other saws	40.00	25.00	37.50
Screws	47 to 111	33 to 67	28 to 40
Wheels	83.72	41.86	50.00
Plates, rolled, braziers' copper	35.00	20.00	42.86
Gold-leaf	44.87	30.00	33.14
Silver-leaf	77.78	30.00	61.43
Lead sheets	36.65	18.33	50.00
Nickel	23.77	14.26	40.00
Gold pens	30.00	25.00	16.67
Penholders and parts of	30.00	25.00	16.67
Pins	30.00	25.00	16.67
Zinc in sheets	29.19	14.59	50.00
Manufactures of metal	45.00	35.00	22.22
Shooks and boxes	30.00	20.00	33.33
Casks and barrels	30.00	20.00	33.33
Clocks of wood	35.00	25.00	28.57
Rice, cleaned	111.85	83.89	25.00
Rice, uncleaned	64.19	41.68	20.00
Honey	44.83	22.42	49.99
Oranges, lemons, and limes	12 to 31	12 to 32	...
Comfits, sweetmeats, etc	35.00	30.00	14.29
Nuts, not shelled (almonds)	51.34	30.80	40.01
Nuts, shelled (almonds)	42.42	28.28	33.33
Filberts, not shelled	52.90	35.32	33.35
Peanuts, unshelled	72.86	20.00	72.85
Extract of meat	17.95	15.00	10.87
Spirits, distilled	91 to 367	65 to 264	28.00
Cotton cloth, not over 100 threads, not bleached	35.17	25.05	37.39
Bleached	38.60	26.53	31.27
Dyed, colored, etc	40.80	30.54	25.15
Exceeding 100 threads, not bleached	42.39	32.39	23.59
Bleached	43.27	35.00	18.88
Dyed, etc	43.84	38.84	11.40
Cables, cordage, and twine	16 to 31	10 to 20	40 to 67
Bagging for cotton	32.52	Free	100.00
Woolen yarns	278.66	30.00	80.23
Shawls, woolen, not above 40c. per pound	150.30	35.00	76.71
Knit fabrics, not above 40c. per pound	136.00	35.00	74.27
Blankets	80 to 104	35.00	66 to 71
Hats of wool	86 to 106	35.00	72.00
Flannels, not over 50c. per pound	85 to 104	25 to 35	66 to 71
Silk, partially manufactured	60.50	20.00	66.94
Silk, webbings, gorings, etc	50.00	45.00	10.00
Silk buttons	50.00	45.00	10.00
Silk dress goods	50.00	45.00	10.00
Silk ribbons	50.00	45.00	10.00
All other silk	50.00	45.00	10.00
Writing, drawing, and other paper	25.00	20.00	20.00
Dolls and other toys	35.00	25.00	28.57
Emery	25.19	20.15	20.00
Firecrackers	147.32	50.00	66.06
Coal, bituminous	22.72	12.12	46.65
Slack or culm of coal	28.68	14.34	50.00
Coke	20.00	15.00	25.00
Matches	33.93	20.00	41.06
Haircloth, known as crinoline cloth	27.99	20.99	25.00
Haircloth, known as hair seating	23.22	15.48	33.33
Leather, band or belting, and sole	10.00	10.00	....
Leather, calfskins, japanned	30.00	20.00	33.33
Leather, all not specially provided for	10.00	10.00	....
Boots and shoes	25.00	20.00	20.00
Manufactures of india-rubber	30.00	25.00	14.29
Umbrellas, covered with silk or alpaca	55 00	45.00	18.18
Burrstone, manufactured	15.00	Free	100.00
Composition metal, copper	6.49	Free	100.00
Plates of copper, not rolled, etc	11.80	Free	100.00
Cider	18.52	Free	100.00
Binding-twine	6.47	Free	100.00
Paintings in oil or water-colors	15.00	Free	100.00
Statuary	15.00	Free	100.00
Hatters' plush	10.00	Free	100.00

The Daisy Fields Piano

We had no idea before that a piano was a moral agent. The Daisy Fields piano, at any rate, certainly is. For it has cultivated hope and good cheer at Daisy Fields; it has strengthened The Outlook's belief that there is a brotherhood in humanity; and it has given an opportunity for such admirable exercise in human sympathy as is illustrated by the following letter which comes from Georgia:

Dear Outlook:

Inclosed find money-order for half a dollar. It fairly jumped out of a little boy's "bank" when his mother read to him—Sunday afternoon on the veranda—about the needed piano at "Daisy Fields." He has just escaped lockjaw, blood-poisoning, and we know not what else that was threatened by a nail wound in the sole of his foot; and he has a new and ready sympathy for crippled children. Harold wishes his fifty cents were fifty dollars, and so does his mother.

R. M. M.

DAISY FIELDS PIANO FUND

Previously acknowledged	$83 00
J. Wheeler	5 00
E. M. H. and E. R. T	2 00
R. C. M	1 00
Anonymous	1 00
F. B. F	2 00
Mrs. M. T. H	1 00
Francis and Samuel	1 00
Katherine Lane	1 00
Harold Manly	50
Mrs. M. R. E	5 00
Anonymous	1 00
Anonymous	1 00
"Three P's"	2 00
A Friend	1 00
Total	$107 50

The Outlook has also received $5 from "S. L." and $5 from "D. R.," both of Brooklyn, for the general fund of Daisy Fields.

A Statement from the Officers of the American Board

The financial year of the American Board will close now in a few days. The year has been a very trying one both at home and abroad. The hoped-for relief from financial depression has not come, and our chief endeavor has been to hold the ground already won, with no attempt at enlargement. The officers of the Board gratefully recognize the many sacrifices made for the work. The Prudential Committee have been forced to the most careful appropriations, being compelled, with pain, to refuse most urgent requests and to deny all extra grants. Our missionaries have been mindful of the conditions at home and have been forbearing, while yet they have been oppressed by seeing opportunities slipping away from them.

At the beginning of the year it was hoped that a revival of business throughout the country, and consequent increased contributions, would enable the Board to meet the greatly reduced appropriations, pay off the debt reported last year, and, if possible, encourage our missionaries with a few grants to relieve sharpest necessities. The last hope cannot be realized. The current receipts have been thus far well sustained on the inadequate scale of last year, and a partial reduction of the old debt has been made. It is much, perhaps, to be able to say this, considering the times. An embarrassing debt still confronts us. The month of August is yet to be reported. Two weeks still remain, and it seems but due to the churches and friends of the work to call attention to the situation and give an opportunity by special efforts and gifts to meet the current expenses and reduce the debt. This will require for the current month about $150,000. In the past, large sums have come to our treasury in the last month of the fiscal year. Cannot it be so this year?

Let all the treasurers of churches having in hand funds designed for the Board send them in at once. Let churches which have not yet taken a contribution for this year do so at once, and send it in. Why may we not hope that the inspiration of our needy and successful work may reach and move the hearts of many men and women of wealth to make large donations at once, and so strengthen the hands and cheer the hearts of those in charge of this great work at home and abroad?

(Signed) SECRETARIES AND TREASURER OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

It is waste of good things to use "pearl glass" or "pearl top," unless you get the right shape and size for your lamp. See the "Index to Chimneys"—free.

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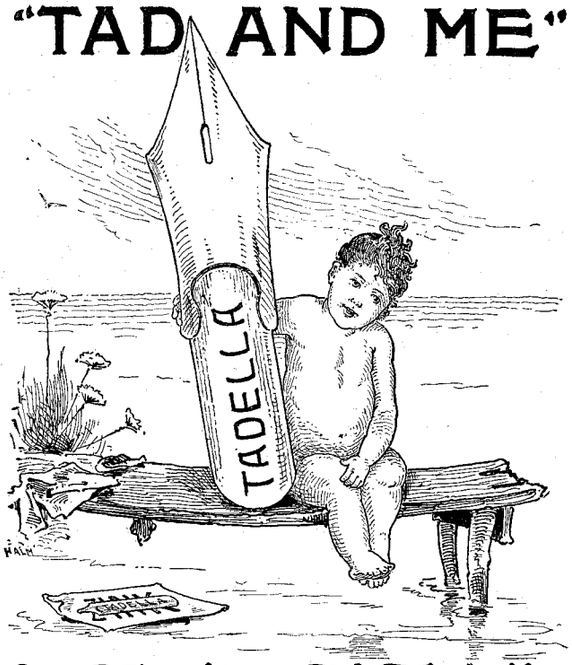

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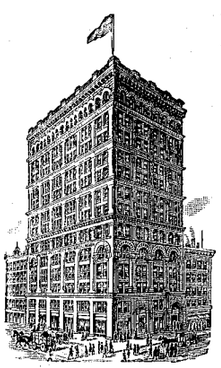

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